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Sow Pansies for Spring Bedding.

By Lennie Greenlee.



NUMEROUS varieties of pansies are given in the catalogues, but they are all derived from four or five types. The Odiers are marked by three great velvety blotches; the Bugnots by five. Both are foreign strains, but thrive admirably in this country. The Odier pansy is finest, however, when given the protection of a cold-frame in winter. Cassiers and Trimardeaus are both superb, large-flowered sorts, the latter rather flabby in appearance. The English pansies are large, round, velvety beauties not very well adapted to this country. The Bedding pansies are a mass of small, brightly colored flowers; they fairly bloom themselves to death.

It is time to choose between them, or to sow all of them, if you have room. Usually before the last flowers of last year's seedlings have faded there will be young pansy plants springing from self-sown seed all over the bed. It is a good plan to save the best of these by transplanting them early in September to rows in sheltered places, or to cold-frames where they are to winter over for bedding out next spring.

An old cold frame that can be shaded in the day time is a capital place in which to sow pansies now. Lacking this, they can be sown in a box or pot in the window, on a corner of the porch, or in a cool, sheltered nook almost anywhere in the garden. If an outdoor bed is chosen for the sowing be careful that the soil is deeply dug, very rich and moderately porous with leaf mold and sand; also that the surface of the bed is raised enough to keep the water from standing on it in winter. Otherwise the little seedlings will need to be transplanted.

My own seedling pansies are always transplanted from the cool, sheltered nook that early fall or mid-summer sowing presupposes, to a well prepared one that gets the sun and the shelter of buildings all winter. In other words, I do my transplanting in October instead of in the spring. From this sunny bed the plants are transferred, after they have bloomed through April, May and June, to one having a northern exposure. Here they rest and give a few blooms during summer, blooming finely again in fall. When the fall rains begin each old root will send up strong new shoots that in a little while will be full of lovely flowers. The bedding pansies may be sown in quantity in spring for summer flowers.

A Little Bed of Pansies.

By Jane B. Wing.

Among the flower lovers are those limited as to time to devote to them, or strength, and often lacking space. To these I give my little experience, for I seemed to lack all three of these requisites and still my hunger for flowers remained.

Stopping by a friend's glowing pansy bed one day in late July, where rich red, and gold, and tawny browns were a special delight, my friend bent over the bed and

gathered a seed pod here and there until she had a hand full and gave to me. "O you will find room for them," she said, when I hesitated, thinking of this very hindrance. I went home and looked the premises over. No—I would not cut into the bit of velvety lawn in front, but at one side facing the dining room windows I could possibly have one round bed five feet in diameter. And what possibilities began to present themselves. Flowers for the table, for little Ethel to carry to school, for a dear old invalid friend, for a funeral, maybe for a bride. Oh bliss!

I could only drive a stake and tie a string to guide John into gaining a perfect circle and await his return. "Are we really going to have flowers?" was his pleased expression. "Well, that will bring your mother often to town to watch developments." I saw him borrow a wheel barrow and saunter forth and he came back with dark fine mold from a neighbor's small barn lot. The sods he had disturbed were turned under to decay and the fine compost spread on top. Deep down in the center I sank a white lily bulb, then sowed my pansy seeds in circular rows a hands breadth apart, sprinkled the bed and covered it with a round oil cloth, past service in the kitchen. With such fresh seed, warmth and moisture, the tiny plants were soon in evidence.

I would trust no one to water them but myself, for they were not to be deluged, and roots laid bare, but to be sprinkled gently, again and again, towards evening, until the ground was moist a finger deep. After they

had become sturdy young plants, a little fine mulch followed each watering which became farther apart. By the middle of October the bed was in beautiful bloom. But before that happy day, between the circular rows, bulbs for the coming spring were sunk into the soil. Crocuses thick set around the outside close to the grass. A ring of hyacinths following the next circle, and a dozen tulips surrounding the lily in the centre. They told no tales of their presence that autumn, it was simply a charming pansy bed.

And now a little pansy bowl graced our table day after day. It followed us into the sitting room in the evening and glowed under the lighted lamp. We never tired of them because of their varied arrangement. Once the dish was outlined with creamy celery tips, filled in with great velvety black pansies. Then a pot of gay colors gave of its leaves to add richness to pansies all snowy white, and so on through all the colors—an infinite variety in arrangement of the same handsome



blossoms. After freezing weather, a friend in the country cut twigs from an evergreen hedge and brought me as a protection through the freezings and thawings of winter.

That was such a hopeful, happy winter, waiting for spring and the possibilities of that little flower garden. When the crocuses peeped above ground, with an old table fork the ground was stirred between them and a pinch of sweet alyssum, dropped into the soil, to insure a fringe of white later on, and in March, in a sunny kitchen window, seeds of white verberna were started in one pot and scarlet salvias in another.

Now you know without my saying so, that after those pansies (great flaunting beauties, much longer and richer than in the fall preceding) had spent themselves and grown straggling and unkempt, it was easy to remove them and fill in the outer row next the still beautiful lace of the alyssum with the verbenas so soon to bloom and warranted to continue until winter. The center of the bed was a mass of tall flaming scarlet salvias. The bulbs were ripening too by this time, but were left in the ground to disappear in a little while. I have taken you through a year with my little flower bed, and showed you its possibilities. I could write a book going into detail, of the incomings and outgoings of those flowers—especially the fragrant hyacinths and the early crocuses, so fearless of chill, and after dashes of snow only folding their petals now and then a day to flare open brighter than ever when the sun once more smiled upon them. Another year, if I choose, all this can be changed and other flowers will as willingly bloom and give of their fragrance and beauty the whole season through.

Phlox Drummondii.

By Florence Beckwith.

THERE are some annuals which are absolutely indispensable in a garden, for one wishes there brightness of color, richness of display, profusion of bloom and lasting qualities. Many flowers have some of these requisites but in the Phlox Drummondii all of them are combined. Like many other annuals this Phlox has been greatly improved during the last few years; the range of color has been widened, the size of the blossoms has been increased, and the new Phloxes are far superior to those of a few years ago.

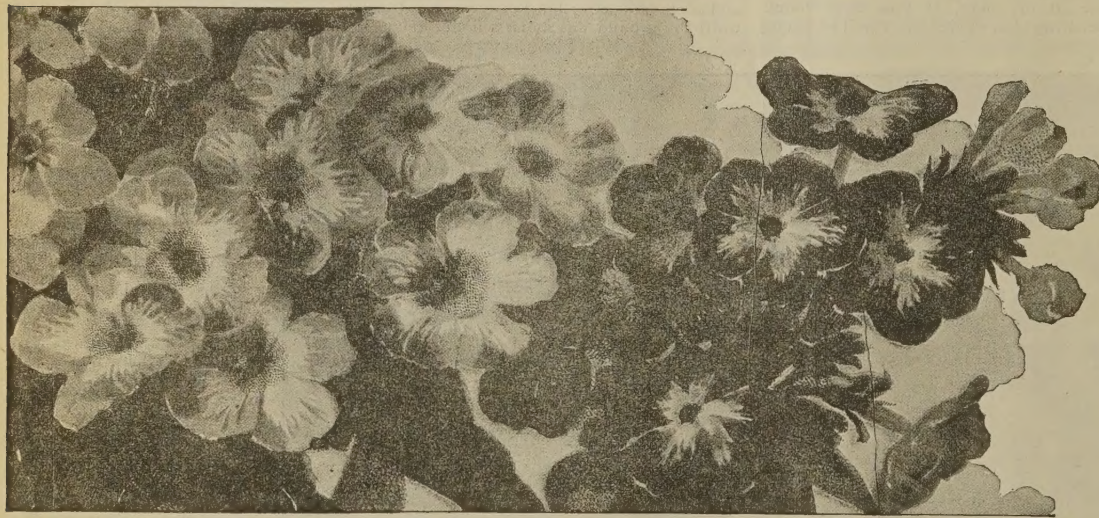
The word Phlox signifies a "flame," and when planted in a mass the display is indeed a dazzling one. But the bright-colored varieties, the scarlet, crimson and rose-colored ones, do not monopolize all the beauty, for the pale pink, the flesh color, the delicate lavender and pure white blossoms are not only beautiful in themselves, but they serve in a measure as foils to the brilliancy of the deeper-hued flowers, making them show to even greater advantage.

Phlox Drummondii is very easily raised from seed, either by sowing in the open ground in early spring, or by starting in the hotbed, cold frame, or in boxes in the window. It is not difficult to transplant and is not troubled by insects. If planted too thickly it may suffer from mildew, but by setting the roots a foot apart all danger from this source is obviated. It is of the easiest possible culture, growing and blooming freely with very little care in almost any situation, but thriving best in a light, rich soil.

The constant blooming of Phlox Drummondii makes it desirable for planting in ribbon beds, particularly if good contrasts in color are selected. Beds of pink or rose color bordered with white are very showy. Masses of one color also make very effective display, and this way of planting is, perhaps, the one most frequently adopted. A bed of mixed colors, however, is very pretty, for all the shades seem to harmonize and it is pleasing to note the different hues. The range of colors is exceedingly rich and varied; deep rose, soft pink, pale blush, lavender, purple, maroon, glowing crimson and dazzling scarlet, with a multiplicity of shades and tints are a few of the hues which may be obtained in these beautiful flowers.



STAR PHLOX.



PHLOX DRUMMONDII GRANDIFLORA.

Some prefer the solid colors, but the white-eyed varieties make a pleasing contrast, and some of the pink blossoms which shade into rose with a still darker eye are very lovely. The deep purple and deep crimson varieties are very rich in tone and make a fine contrast to the lighter hued blossoms. I think I should not be content with a bed of just one color, when there are so many beautiful shades from which to make selection. Only, I could, I think, dispense with the so-called yellow ones. I have never yet seen one which I thought pretty. Somehow yellow does not seem to fit Phlox Drummondii blossoms, though the salmon-tinted ones are pretty.

For cutting this Phlox is unsurpassed. It makes beautiful bouquets and remains fresh a long time. In this respect it is much more preferable than the Verbena, the blossoms of which drop very quickly. If the trusses of blossoms are cut as they wither, the plants will become more compact and bushy, and their season of blooming will be lengthened.

Not only is the Phlox Drummondii hardy enough for early planting, but it will continue a mass of bloom until severe freezing weather. Early frosts do not hurt it in the least; when most other flowers have succumbed and hang pale and cold on their stems, Phlox Drummondii stands up straight and the flowers retain their coloring perfectly. Last fall, on the 30th of October, though we had had severe frosts, I found absolutely perfect flowers of beautiful shades of red, crimson and pink, and I have even seen them peeping out fresh and bright from a covering of snow.

New varieties have been offered of late years. The Star Phloxes are peculiar in shape and in that way interesting. If one has plenty of garden room they are pretty to make a variety, as are also those with variegated foliage, but I do not think they compare with Phlox Drummondii grandiflora in beauty. Dwarf varieties only six or eight inches in height form dense masses of bloom and are valuable for edgings and pots, but are not as good for cutting. A new shade in the dwarf varieties called "apricot" color, a reddish yellow, is quite pretty. Double varieties are advertised, but I do not like them as well as the single ones.

Phlox Drummondii can be planted in beds containing early-blooming bulbs like Hyacinths and Tulips, and thus afford a double use of the ground. It is also

useful for planting among tall plants with long, bare stems, and among shrubs which do not fully cover the ground.

Few flowers are so easy to grow from seed, so quick to bloom, or give such a brilliant display of color for so small cost and so little care as Phlox Drummondii, and a bed of it should have a place in every garden.

Pansies.

BY EMMA CLEARWATERS.

It seemed a shame to destroy the pretty faces, but the bed was two years old, consequently the plants were decidedly leggy.

With a view to next spring's blossoms, we pulled up and threw in the compost heap, the plants that had produced such loads of beauty. After the plants were removed, the bed was spaded; how loose it was, and a perfect network of roots. When all was spaded, a bushel and a half (the bed is ten by three feet,) of old swamp soil, a bushel of rotted, strawy manure and a half bushel of wood soot were raked with the soil, until all were thoroughly mixed. Places were marked off a foot each way, then the plants carefully lifted from the seed box, were set in these marks.

They were nice thrifty young plants from seed of a reliable florist, of the "Masterpiece" variety. We have fine pansies, the plants literally covered with blooms, larger than silver dollars during the cool spring weather, and experience has taught us that to secure such treasures, we must sow good seed, in July or August; set the plants in

the fall in well prepared soil, mulch rather sparingly, after the ground freezes, with forest leaves. Other coarse litter will answer, but it must not lie close, nor be very deep, just a few leaves, directly over the plant.

A Tennessee Geranium.

BY MARY ELIZABETH HARDY

It could boast of no pedigree or blue blood, it was only a nameless waif of a geranium cutting placed in our care last October to be kept through the cold weather. It was put on a shelf facing the west, just in front of a plate glass window. Not much joy did we feel over its advent, and no attention did we give it during the winter except an occasional drink of water.

I forgot to state that it was in a room heated by a stove; and it was fifty feet from the stove.

Although the mercury lingered lovingly around the zero mark for several nights the geranium was never moved from the window. But it never seemed to suffer from the weather.

Its chief ambition was to be a lusty rival to Jack's bean stalk, for it grew and it grew!

To-day we have had a geranium measuring party at our house, and I will vouch and bring witness to the truth of the following figures: The main stalk of the geranium is six feet tall; the leaves are two feet two inches in circumference, and measure seven inches across. The blossom stalks are one foot three and a half inches long; and the cluster of blossoms itself measures one foot three and a half inches in circumference. Isn't that a good record for a young geranium in this climate, without a bit of plant food or fertilizer to help it along?

How I Fertilize Palms.

BY FLORA LEE.

During summer give only some fertilizer worked in on top; but in the fall,—after they have become thoroughly accustomed to house conditions,—I begin fertilizing systematically once a week with the following liquid preparations. First Bowker's "Food for Flowers;" next week soot tea—one tablespoonful to two quarts water; then ammonia one tablespoonful to four quarts water; after that wood ashes—one tablespoonful to three quarts water. These are all adapted to plants grown for the beauty of their foliage.

Fifth week Bowker's again (occasionally omitted) and the others in their turn. Our plants grow all the year.

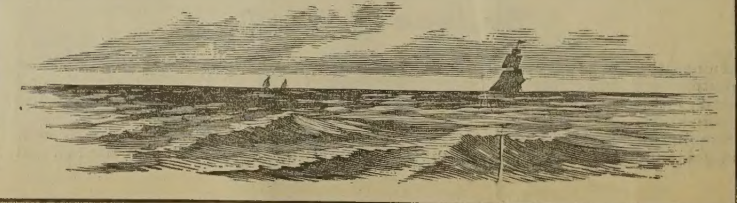
THE SEA. By Frank H. Sweet.

The fisherman sing as he sails away,
Guiding his boat o'er the laughing sea,
With a heart as light as the cloudless day,
And a song as gay as song can be.

For the sky is as gay as burnished gold,
And winds as soft as a maiden's face,
And the dancing caps which the billows hold
Challenge his boat to a merry race,

But the beat of the waves against the shore
Saddens the heart of the waiting wife,
For she knows the breeze may change to a roar
And stir the passionate sea to strife.

And the sky which is fair as burnished gold,
The mocking sigh of the tempest's breath,
And the dancing caps which the billows hold,
May lure the fisherman on to death.



The Passion Flower.

Elizabeth C. Ensign.

My first introduction to this vine was while spending a number of months in a pleasant home in one of the western states. My hostess called my attention to a little vine I had passed by without comment, so interested was I in its more showy companions, geraniums, abutilons, fuchias and primroses.

During my stay in this home, my hostess, for her tender care of this vine, was rewarded by two or three pale little blossoms, not beauties by any means. The singularity of their formation attracted our attention. On examining these odd little flowers the question arose as to why called Passion Flower. This was a question none of us could answer.

Not until I stood upon the porch of a comfortable southern home—a porch nearly covered by a luxuriant passion vine, did I see one of these flowers in all its perfection. This vine was so large that wrens and mocking birds easily found a resting place among its foliage and flowers, as they poured forth their cheerful songs.

One day as I stood listening to one of these happy-voiced fellows, I carelessly reached out and plucked a blossom. It seemed a giant compared with the little blossom seen in the western home.

As I began to examine it, again the singularity of the formation of these flowers attracted my attention. Did the name arise from this singularity? No one whom I asked could tell. Perhaps the floral catalogues would give us light on the subject? We referred to several, but no satisfactory answer could be obtained.

A few days ago while looking through a little volume given to me as the keepsake of an aged loved one who has passed beyond—a volume supposed to be fifty or sixty years old—I was pleased to find the following regarding this flower: "The Passion Flower owes its name to the early missionaries, who discovered it first when traversing South America. Its ten petals were fancied by them to represent the ten apostles, besides Judas, who betrayed, and Peter, who denied his Master. The stamens they compared to a radiance, or glory, issuing from the cup of the flower. The small purple threads at the bottom of the style, to a crown of thorns. The style, to the pillar to which the malefactors were bound when scourged. The clasper to the cord; and the palmate leaf, to the hand. The three divisions at the top of the style they fancied to represent three nails; one of the five stamens being taken for a hammer, the other four remain to form the cross. The albastrices, at the bottom of the corolla, represent the three soldiers who cast lots; and the time between the opening and closing of the flower, in its native country, being three days, complete the representation."



Passion Flower.

The Plumbago.

Laura Jones.

Of all our tender pot shrubs there is nothing more suitable for bedding out in the summer than the Plumbago. I have a large shrub of the capensis variety, and each May this is taken from the pot and bedded out in good rich soil, and then until frost this is a perfect mass of airy light blue flowers. This blooms on in sun and shade, through floods and droughts, and as the cool nights of autumn appear, the flowers are so thick as to almost completely hide the foliage. I have gathered immense bouquets from this late of an afternoon, and the next morning there would be so many new ones open that the cut flowers would not be missed.

This is an old shrub, six or eight years old and spreads out, completely hiding the earth in a bed six feet across. The flowers are borne in large trusses and are azure blue veined with dark blue. The foliage is a dainty green silvered underneath, and is ornamental even without flowers. I find this is a much more prolific bloomer when bedded out than when grown in pots.

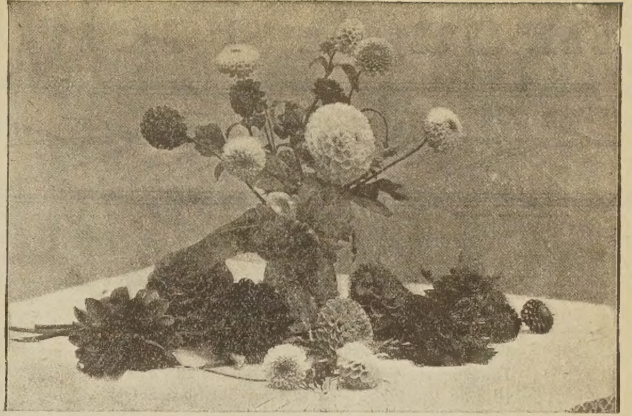
It is claimed that this is hardy south of Washington. It might winter for three or four winters when the winters are mild, yet it is a risk to leave out any tender plants here. Although this (Kentucky) is classed as a Southern State, we often have winters that are very severe, and even the peach trees are killed, and this severe weather often comes when we have no snow, so the Plumbago is carefully lifted each fall, and as it is dormant it is of little or no trouble during the winter months.

The White Plumbago, *Capensis alba*, is an excellent companion for the blue. There is only one objection to the Plumbago and that is that the beautiful daintily colored flowers are scentless, there being no fragrance whatever about them. However it has so many excellent points that one can overlook the lack of fragrance. The Plumbago will appeal to all indolent florists, as it grows and blooms without any care whatever, and when all other flowers are drooping and flowerless from lack of moisture, this is simply blooming itself away.

Primula Obconicas for Fern Dishes.

The dainty flowers of these plants are perfectly suited to this purpose, but when it first occurred to me I had my doubts as to whether their roots would be satisfied with such shallow quarters. But I tried by very carefully spreading out the roots of a medium sized plant, and in another dish planting several small ones. They all bloomed beautifully,—equally as well as those in pots. They were grown in a north window and only occasionally used on the table. It is also a fine way to dispose of one's small extra seedlings.

By Flora Lee.



The Arrangement of Flowers

Last of a series of four illustrated articles on this subject.

N. Hudson Moore.



HAVE often heard people say that they did not care for Dahlias, they were "so stiff." They are not graceful flowers to be sure, but by their aid a scheme of color can be very effectively carried out, and they are flowers which do not fade easily, so that they can be used out of water, and be arranged on the table itself. The modern Dahlia with its hundred petals, either quilled or ragged, cactus or pompon, is quite another flower from the first dahlia that Dahl the Swedish botanist discovered in Mexico in 1784, with its single row of florets around the yellow central disk. The original color was red, and from this first plant have been developed the large variety of forms which decorate our gardens now. In an autumn day when more delicate blooms have succumbed to the waning of the season, the Dahlia seems to shine with added brightness. A bunch combined of various colors, say a deep and rich maroon, and some of the clear shades of yellow, form a centerpiece which will make gay any table.

But as a flower without perfume is like a young girl without friends, an uncompleted thing, it is well to have, if possible, a spray of mignonette or some other garden sweet at each plate, or in each napkin. The foliage of the Dahlia varies much in the different varieties, but it is always wise to select one specimen that has fine leaves rather than those which rely for their beauty on the blossoms alone.

In direct contrast to the Dahlia is the last flower I have chosen to illustrate the possibilities of decoration with only familiar garden flowers for material. There is hardly a piazza in the land that has not twining about its posts a vine of Honeysuckle. There are numerous kinds, nearly all of them fragrant, and all of them capable of being made a delightful ornament. In a tall slender vase like the one in the picture, in a bowl, in a bulb-glass, in fact in almost any receptacle that you will suggest, these flowers are charming. The twining stems, the flowers creamy yellow or tipped with red, and the delicate stamens, make it a flower peculiarly grateful to the eye.

If the Dahlia is more appropriate for a gathering of persons of mature years, the Honeysuckle is adapted to any or every age, for a festival, or for the home circle only. Many people hesitate to cut their Honeysuckle, but my experience has been that it blooms all the better for a judicious cutting, and I always look for a period of second bloom in the fall. At any of the department stores it is possible to obtain for a very moderate sum quite a variety of vase and flower receptacles, and it is a good plan to alternate these in even your simplest decoration. The eye becomes weary of gazing on even the choicest thing continuously, and there is an agreeable variety to be obtained in even so slight a thing as a vase.



Through Fields and Woodlands



By N. Hudson Moore

August

"AWAKE! the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How nature paints her colors, how the bee
Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sweet."

John Milton

Floral Butterflies.

Many flowers are delicious any time you pick them, but the most appropriate and beautiful hour to gather orchids is in the early morning when they are still starred with dew. I do not speak of those rare floral butterflies which decorate greenhouses, and are worth anywhere from five hundred to ten thousand dollars, but of the orchids that are free to anyone who will take the trouble to hunt them out. Most of them are shy creatures, hiding their beauties in bogs or other inaccessible spots, and often tempting the unwary into muddy holes, unless you have taken the precaution to provide yourself with rubbers.

Years ago, when I was a child in a little country town in Massachusetts, it used to be one of our great treats to go to a certain boggy field where in May could be found the *Arethusa*. Do you know it? I have never picked them since those early years, but as every spring comes round, I think of those rosy crimson flowers in that coarse marsh grass, and see them standing there, each on its own slender

stem, looking almost like a jewel, so deep a crimson color was it. Once and once only we found a white one, which looked more fairy-like still, and in my old botany I have marked it down, as something never to be forgotten.

Pogonia ophioglossoides is another lovely fairy of the bog, but is much paler in color than the *Arethusa*, and a little more regular in shape. These come in June and July, and occasionally one strays over into August to delight its finder, and lead her on to try new wastes in hopes of finding more. Its companion in the picture, the ragged fringed orchis, *Habenaria lacera*, is another darling of July, but does not boast of the splendid colors which render the other orchids mentioned so wonderful.

The *Calopogon* is called in botany "a little bog-herb," but when you find one of these flowers for the first time, you feel that it is something a great deal better than this. The plant grows about a foot high, and on its top has from two to six flowers, of a lovely pinkish purple, and one of the upper petals is fringed with

long bright hairs, which make it very gay. It is a good thing for us that this flower is by no means rare, and can often be found growing side by side with the *Pogonia*.

Every orchid blossom, no matter whether the plant be a greenhouse darling, living on oxygen, or a terrestrial beauty to be admired by you and me, has six parts, and one of these parts is always peculiar in form, being a pouch, a cornucopia, or a little step for an insect to light on. Of all the plants of the whole floral family, none find it so necessary to engage the services of insects to assist in fertilization as the orchids, and it therefore follows that none is so well fitted to attract these creatures. The bees are particularly useful for this purpose. The earliest orchid to come in the spring is the Spring, or Showy Orchis. A very pretty flower it is, with three or four blossoms growing on a stem, the green leaves acting rather as a sheath to them. The insect necessary to carry the pollen on to another plant is not one of your fuzzy-faced bees, but one with a smooth face to which the pollen will adhere. So the favorite rifler of the sweets which lie in the corolla of this flower is the female bumble bee, which is distinguished from the male in having a smooth face.

Every variety of these flowers has its own particular rifler in the insect kingdom, and often they die unable to extract themselves from the flowery tomb into which they have thrust themselves.

The most familiar kind of orchid is the Lady's Slipper or, as it is sometimes called the Moccasin Flower, the botanical name being *Cypripedium*. There are six species and they are all pretty, but some of them are more plenty than others. Who, for instance has not gathered with delight the pink one, *Cypripedium acaule*? They often grow in numbers in a wood, the pouches making them

very showy. The pouch is very curiously veined with crimson of a deeper color, and the leaves are hairy and of a pale green.

The white Lady's Slipper is a shy thing, also a bog dweller, and while a native of Central and Western New York, not often found. There are also two yellow members of this odd family, *Cypripedium pubescens* and *C. parviflorum*, the larger and the lesser, but they are not now very common, at least in this region.

The beauty of the family, however, is the one called the Showy Lady's Slipper, and it is the most interesting to me, for this summer I have had one blossom in my garden after waiting patiently for it seven years. The roots were brought to me from Long Island, and although they have come up each year and been strong healthy plants, they have never shown any inclination to blossom. My interest had waned somewhat, and this year I did not pay them much attention, only noting that they were coming along as usual, and had not been killed by the severe winter though I had lost many other plants. Passing one morning the shady corner where they grew, I saw that there was something unusual in their appearance, and on looking closely found three buds, peeping out of the tops of the sheath of leaves. They came to maturity successfully, and were visited by many people, since they were in plain sight from the street and showed off to the best advantage against a background of meadow rue. Besides the pouch, which in this case is white, delicately tipped with pink, it has three white rounded sepals which stand up in a fan at the top of the flower, giving it a better balanced appearance than the other

members of this family. Hanging out over the pouch is a lip, white, touched with yellow, making this flower not only "showy," which is its name, but exceedingly beautiful. Gray says it is the "most beautiful of the genus," and he was never enthusiastic. While it grows wild in the neighborhood of Rochester, it has never been our fortune to find it, for it generally chooses as its home a bog or swamp and these are not generally attractive places.

The hunting of orchids for greenhouse culture is a regular business, and is as dangerous and at the same time as fascinating a pursuit as can be imagined. The hunter visits the most inaccessible forests of South America, of Asia, and of the Philippines, gathering them from lofty trees where they have been propagating for years. He must pick his orchids in a dry season when they have a withered appearance, and they must be shipped in this state only, for when they are blooming they cannot stand any handling or change of temperature. These tropical beauties are the toys of the wealthy, and for many years Baron de Rothschild had the finest collection. But of recent years the collection of Mrs. Wilson of Philadelphia has taken the place of the best all-around collection in the world. It numbers over twenty thousand plants, and is valued at one million dollars.

Whether growing in the greenhouse, in the depths of a bog, or under the boughs of evergreen trees, as *cypripedium acaule* generally does, the orchids all are full of interest and beauty. If there be an aristocracy among plants, surely they stand at the head of it, for they always convey an impression of dignity, importance and reserve.

Out Of Doors.

He who forgets the humming of the bees among the heather, the cooing of the wood pigeons in the forest, the song of birds in the woods, the rippling of rills among the rushes, the sighing of the wind among the pines need not wonder if his heart forgets to sing and his soul grows heavy. A day's breathing of fresh air upon the hills, or a few hours ramble in the beech woods' umbrageous calm, would sweep the cobwebs out of the brain of scores of toiling men who are now but half alive.

C. H. Spurgeon.

Every school teacher who has the privilege of pointing out the beauties of nature to the young, should read this nature page each month. We would appreciate it if our readers would call the attention of their teachers to it.—Ed.



Showy Orchis.



Cypripedium Pubescens



Cypripedium Acaule



Pogonia and Habenaria



Calopogon

Grandma's Sunday Shoes

A PRIZE STORY IN OUR RECENT CONTEST.—Continued from the July Number.

By MRS. J. B. WALKER

MY DEAR, you cannot imagine, neither can pen express the chagrin and heart ache I endured when I glanced at my shabby shoes, and realized that the day to which I had looked forward with such glowing anticipations, was suddenly transformed into a hideous nightmare, and all because of Squire John's impatience. When I thought of my beautiful "leather gods" being ten miles away, I felt wicked enough to slap the Squire's face. But as that could not be done, I could only slip away from the crowd and take a hearty cry. In the midst of my distress a good fairy in the guise of Aunt Becky came to comfort me. Becky was resourceful in every emergency; she had a remedy for every ill from a cut finger to a troubled heart, so when I sobbingly told her my tale of woe, she flourished her long arms as if scaring a hawk from a pet chicken, and smilingly exclaimed:

"Lawdy, honey, 'taint a smidgen o' use to snuffle 'bout sich a onery squibble as dat. 'Cose ef you had tucks in yo' new frock I'd let em out quicker'n a jay bird could wink his off eye, den yo' ole shoes wouldn't been 'spicuous as sticky hands at a candy pullin'. But as you haint got de tucks, an' you hab fergot dem Sunday shoes,—Whut I done tole yo' 'bout makin' idols outn dem same leather gods!—Why, Say Baby!" and Becky deliberately lifted my feet across the generous expanse of her aproned lap—"Say Baby, you's jes' sp'illin' yo' eyes an' stravagantly wastin' de onlies' good time ob yo' life, by crossin' de bridge 'fore you re'ch de middle ob it. Huh! Trufe is dar aint much de mattah wid dese shoes 'cept'n dey's sorter rusty, an' got a shaky lookin' place nigh de toe, an' a whopper-jawed snag by de heel, an'—Say honey, you jes' run 'long an' wash yo' po' streakedy eyes in de crick, an' twis' up yo' ha'r so you won't look so much lak a broken-wing bat at a butterfly's ball—while I fotch a needle an' skillet from de 'Square's cook. Den whin I git back whut I'll do fer dem shoes'll beat Juba an de yaller cat at a rail splittin'!" Becky proved herself a true prophet. A few neat stitches, and a spoonful of "polish" from a frying pan, supplemented by a brush and a pair of deft hands, wrought such improvement in the appearance of my old shoes that, despite my fears of the "shaky place" at the toe, I decided to join the crowd of young people. Promptly at 10 o'clock Judge Crane read the Declaration of Independence, Deacon Hodge followed with a long prayer, then the youths and maidens were at liberty to amuse themselves. Various rural games were indulged in but nothing caused as much merriment as the several racing contests.

The patriotic and perspiring people (many of them so prim and straight-laced that they thought Old Nick had a mortgage on laughter), relaxed their sober countenances, mopped their faces and laughed loud and long at the ludicrous sack race, wheelbarrow race, etc. When the noise and confusion incident to the wheelbarrow race had subsided, the committee announced in stentorian tones that the closing exercises of the day would be a 'Foot Race for a pony and a saddle; distance 500 yards: Contestants, girls and young women only."

As the foot-race was not on the printed program, it having been kept secret so that no one might practice for the occasion—the announcement created no little surprise, as evinced by the spasmodic Ah's! and Oh's! from the women as they rushed back and forth like a colony of disturbed bees. Of course every girl present coveted that pony, and as the majority of them were fleet footed as deer each one felt confident she could win it.

But inasmuch as a public foot-race for women folk's was something unheard of in that sedate community, the question of "propriety," had to be settled before any one showed a willingness to try her speed.

And even after the question had been satisfactorily settled in the affirmative, the girls held aloof until Judge Crane's daughter, the elite of Cedar Grove society, went forward; others then followed until a dozen aspirants for racing fame stood before the Judge's stand.

I was not considered a specially swift runner, but O how I yearned to possess that pony! Therefore, while the twelve girls stood awaiting the signal, I impulsively started to join them. Only started however, for before taking a second step I noticed the neatly clad feet of the Judge's daughter and her companions, then stole a glance at my soot-polished, half-worn shoes, and quickly stepped back! Then another embarrassing thought intruded, one that made me shudder and repeat the crawfish act. Suppose I mustered up courage to ignore my shabby shoes and enter the race, then after all be humiliated by a sudden collapse of the worn leather, or—horrible thought!—leave me sans sole, with my toes protruding through the "shaky place!" But I was destined to run that race willy nilly, for even as I stepped back abashed at the vision my imagination had conjured, a vigorous push from a strong hand started me down the hill at such a rapid rate that before I could recover from

the shock, or check my undignified steps, I was landed in the midst of the giggling, amateur sprinters. I was fairly quivering with anger and indignation, and was mentally vowing to punish Becky for her presumptuous push, when to my utter consternation, her clear-toned voice suddenly exclaimed:

"Look straight forrad when de race begins, little Missy, an' mind you don't git skeered nor brain whizzled on 'count ob de odder young Mistresses habin' on sich serumshus foot-kivers, becuse a foot race is monst'ous lak de race fer glory—'taint allers won by dem candydates whut's got *onexperienced souls!*"

Then everybody (except poor me) laughed. My face grew crimson, I trembled like a dancing dervish, and my last spark of self-confidence vanished on the echo of that laughter. And to add to my misery, just as we fell in line a superstitious croaker vociferously yelled: "No luck for the last one—don't you see she's the thirteenth?" So I was! and when time was called not another had been added to the list. I was still the "unlucky (?) number."

That memorable race! Although it was a thrilling event in my prosy life it seemed like the fantasy of a dream. I remember hearing the signal "Go!" then a panorama of white dresses, pink and blue sashes and twinkling feet flashed along the level clay road, followed by the sound of many voices cheering and commenting on the race. Presently the line swerved, then broke. Only five pairs of feet kept the pace half way, and these decreased until there remained only "two pairs of slippers and one pair of shoes" in the front ranks. A moment later and as many shoes as slippers were speeding toward the goal, and when three-fourth of the

route had been covered a "tie" seemed inevitable, since the Judge's daughter and my humble self ran side by side, neither of us gaining or losing a step. But at this interesting stage my prospects for winning a pony grew dim as twilight because I imagined that my left sole was parting company from the upper leather. This gave me such a shock that I involuntarily slackened my gait, and my opponent bounded ahead.

Aunt Becky must have divined the cause of my faltering steps, for over and above the babel of voices shrieking and yelling, "Hurrah for Slippers! I'm betting on Shoes! Slippers is ahead!" etc. etc.—the black woman's voice, clear and distinct as bugle notes—penetrated the sultry air like barbed lightning. "Shake dem foots lively Babe! An' don't git in a flusterated jamboree 'bout dem jaggedy holes in yo' shoes, fer dey aint gwine back on you eben ef dey aint spankin' new like dem yo' Uncle Gideon lef' you. So min' whut I tole you an' shake dem foots!"

My dear, to this day I don't know how I survived that excruciating moment. And I am confident that I flew the rest of the way, for with Becky's words ringing in my ears like a legion of taunting imps, I flashed like a meteor past the almost victorious "Slippers," and wished I could go on and on forever to escape that haunting "Shake dem foots." Well it was laughable to some folks! and I almost forgot my vexation when surrounded by the pompous Committee and cheering friends, I mounted my gaily

caparisoned pony and rode home beside my cousin, Dr. John Thorn, Jr. But the after results of the race, and its excitement, brought on an attack of fever which held me a prisoner till Jack Frost relieved me of its scorching breath, and of Becky's equally hot gruel; they "Cling to my memory yet."

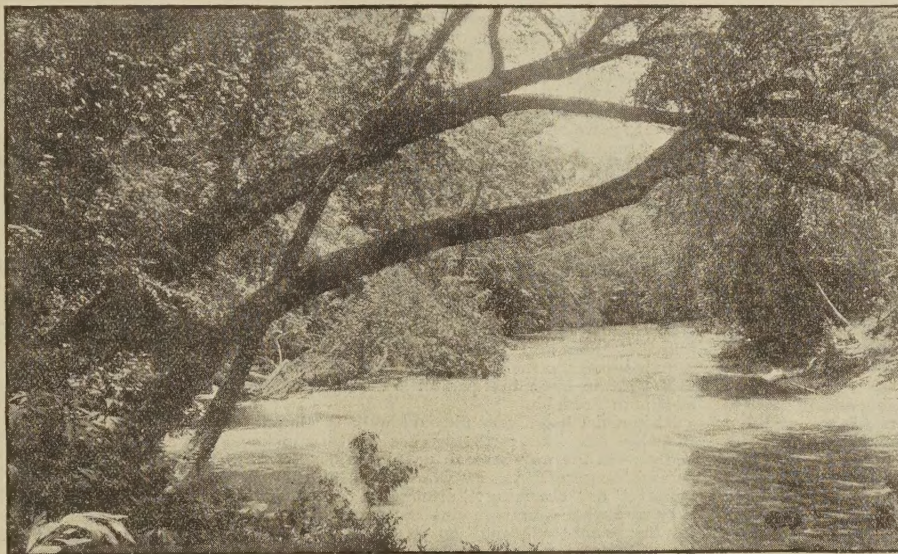
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The Christmas holidays were again near by. Outside the chill December winds shrieked and howled as they smote the leafless trees, but inside our humble cottage all was warmth and contentment. Sister Olive was selecting skeins of cream colored floss from Uncle Gideon's basket to finish an elaborately trimmed petticoat for a prospective bride. The whirr of a spinning-wheel, accompanied by the words of a camp meeting song in Becky's melodious voice, floated in from the kitchen; while I was engaged in the pleasant task of stitching a hood for Virginia's baby, and longing for the coming of Christmas.

On Christmas eve a wedding was to be celebrated in our neighborhood, and as I had been chosen bridesmaid I intended to wear (at last!) my treasured "Sunday shoes," which, owing to my long illness, had been kept in all their brand-new beauty. As I stitched the braid in intricate pattern on the little hood, and mentally pictured the graceful appearance of my Sunday shoes twirling in the stately minuet, my lips related the wonderful adventures of "Jack and the beanstalk," to Polly and Paul, Sister Virginia's five-year-old twins.

When I reached the thrilling (?) part where the giant makes a rush for the

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Ode to The Swannanoa

By Gertrude Holmes Ryan.

"Sound of Rustling Wings" they named thee—
Nature's music—for music claimed thee
When thy minstrel waters first did flow;
No name more apt could Nature's wards bestow.

O river, in thy song so silv'ry sweet,
Singest thou of some woodland maid
Who, graceful as a wild gazelle,
In thy pellucid waters played,
Or from her lover flying fleet
To thee, O most alluring stream,
Found refuge in some shady dell
Through which thy gliding waters gleam?

Ah, yes, thy song recalls thy soft caresses
Of wildwood maids with ebony tresses,

Who thy embracing waves retreat
Found bath for bronzed beauty meet.

Still are thy banks with trees embowered,
With trees that bending like Narcissus,
Over shrubs in beauty flowered,
To their shadows sigh "Come kiss us."
But now no more the warriors' daughters
Shall roam thy cool sequestered places,
Alas, no more thy crystal waters
Shall mirror the deep-eyed dusky faces.

Still thou dost murmur sing of spirits maiden
That haunt thy wooing waters, mem'ry laden,
That lift thy limpid lyric ever, evermore,
And breathe it full of romance, O Sylvan Swannanoa.



By
Adelaide
Ely Jones

(A Pink Parasol stranded on a foreign shore tells her pitiful little story.)

AT first I lived in Paris, which you know is the gayest and most beautiful city in the world. I lived in a shop with a great number of other parasols and umbrellas of all sizes, from the biggest black silk ones for gentlemen, down to the tiniest gay-colored parasolettes for dolls.

Everyone said I was charming, and I hope you will not think me too vain if I tell you just how I was dressed. For indeed I am not proud now, but very lonesome, lying away in this big, dark drawer, wondering if I shall ever see the sunshine again. However I must not think of that but tell you my story.

In the Paris shop they all said I was a great beauty. As I was displayed in front of a big shining mirror where I could see myself all day long, I am afraid I was a little bit vain. I had the loveliest pink silk dress, with tiny pinked pink frills quite to the top. But the oddest thing about me, and the prettiest, every body said, was my handle. This was of cream-colored ivory; instead of a knob at the end as other everyday kinds of parasols have, my handle ended in a baby's head. Such a funny, laughing, little fellow he was too, with blue eyes, very red dimpled cheeks, and yellow curls. Inside of him there were two little balls of shot that tinkled, tinkled every time we moved, which made me a rattle as well as a parasol. Alas! I wonder where my baby head is now? Oh yes, I forgot to tell you that he had a ruffle around his neck and such "cute" ears. He looked a very mischievous boy baby indeed.

Well, one day two ladies came into the shop where I was opened and standing on my merry little head before the mirror. One of these ladies looked at umbrellas while the other one kept looking at me. They talked to each other but I could not understand what they said because they spoke English, and I had only heard French spoken before this happened. However when they took me up and exclaimed over me I knew they were saying something about my being a beauty. After they went out the proprietor of our shop said that I was to be sent with the black umbrella to a grand hotel where many American people stay. He said that the young lady had bought me to give to her little niece in America. All the parasols and umbrellas thought this was very fine for me. When I understood that I was to go away across the big Atlantic Ocean to live with a little American girl, I felt very proud. Alas! I little knew what a sad life I was to lead over there.

When I first saw my little mother, who was called by the very pretty name of Elsie, I thought she was a great dear. She was so pretty, with dancing curls and a white muslin cap. She was delighted with me. I soon learned that when she called me "pretty" she meant, in English, just the same as the little Parisiennes did when they used to come in the shop and call me "joli."

Oh, but what a life I led! Elsie took me out to play the very first day she had me. When Linnetta, the little girl across the street said she wouldn't play unless she could take the Paris pink parasol, Elsie got very angry, and using me for a stick, she banged Linnetta so hard that she nearly broke my ribs! Then she threw me down in the grass and they both ran off crying. I lay there fading in the hot sun all that day. I felt very much hurt, for I was sure if any little French girl had been given such a fine present from away across the sea, she would have taken the best of care of me.

I lay all day and all night, until the next morning. When I thought I was going to stay in the wet grass until I fell to pieces, a working man came by with a wheelbarrow. He saw me lying nearly under the "sidewalk" (that is what they call the foot pavement in America,) and stopped to pick me up. I was greatly frightened when he laid me down on the dirty wheelbarrow and started off down the street.

Just then Elsie's mother called to him. If she had not happened to see him in time to rescue me, Elsie would never have seen me again. Now, I thought, when Elsie hears that she nearly lost me, she will treat me better.

When Elsie's mamma took me in the house she dried and pressed my poor pinked frills and laid me away on a shelf beside Elsie's Sunday hat. So when Sunday came and Elsie was going to Sunday school, she saw me and said: "Oh there is my parasol that Aunt Emma brought me. Let me carry it to Sunday school." She said "parasol" for parasol, which sounded queer to me, for I knew enough English by this time to know that parasol is the same in English as it is in French.

Elsie and I had a very pleasant walk to church and I really felt like forgiving her for treating me so badly. On the way several people said "Isn't that parasol 'cunning'?" By which I think they meant "pretty" or "charming;" although I have never been very sure what American children do mean when they say things are "cunning" or "cute." Anyway they meant something pleasant about my good looks, which I was afraid I had lost forever.

It was delightful in Sunday School. The children sang songs and the teacher told them a beautiful story about a little boy named Samuel. By and by they all went home. Elsie was the very first one almost to jump up and go. She forgot all about poor me and left me lying on the seat.

I hope you will never know what a lonesome place a Sunday School is when all the happy little people in their pretty best clothes have gone home. It was so big and still in that room that I should have been glad to have heard a pin drop. I hoped at first that

Elsie would remember me after she got out in the hot sun, and come back for me, but she didn't. So I tried to cheer myself by thinking that it would soon be Sunday again, and then I would surely go home with Elsie.

It seemed a very long week but at last it was Sunday. The doors and windows were opened and the children began to come in and take their seats, whispering and laughing. Elsie came with the rest, looking very rosy and happy; but can you believe it? She never saw me at all! I kept hoping she would think of me, but at last they were all gone, it was still and dark, and I was left alone for the second time. Oh, how I wished I had not come across the Atlantic Ocean to live with a little girl who did not care for me in the least!

One day when I was lying there on the back of the Sunday school seat, thinking about far away Paris, the janitor came along and began to dust the seats. When he saw me he picked me up and tucked me under his arm while he went on dusting.

"Come now, this is a little better," I thought. "Something is going to happen." After joggling me about under his arm for a while the janitor took me to a little room where I met a very cross old green umbrella, a little kid glove, that I really believe belonged to Elsie; also several wrinkled and limp handkerchiefs. It is enough to make one cross and wrinkled to be neglected and forgotten.

When Sunday came again the sweet, white-haired lady who was the superintendent of the Sunday School, held me up and said, "Has anyone lost this parasol?" I thought she might have said, "this pretty parasol with pinked pink frills," but she didn't. I hadn't had a chance to look in a mirror for a long time; very likely I wasn't as pretty as I used to be. Elsie wasn't there, but her big brother Peter was, and he took me home. I shall never forget that journey. It was far worse than crossing the ocean, even when the ship was tossed by a storm.

Peter took hold of the baby's head and using me for a prop, he made three tremendous leaps down the street. If he had done that once more I should have been maimed for life. Just as he got ready to jump again he saw a big black and yellow butterfly. This gave him a new idea. He put me up very quickly to use for a butterfly net; then he chased that butterfly away across a field. At last he caught it inside of me, but it flew away again before he could take it in his fingers. I was very glad of this for the butterfly's sake. I am sure it would be very sad to pinch the beautiful plumage of a butterfly's wings in a boy's fingers.

Peter was tired now so he put me down and walked back across the field to the street. As he did so, he used me to whip off the heads of the dandelions and the ox-eye daisies. This work made me giddy; I do not think the flowers liked it either.

When we got home at last, I was put away with Elsie's Sunday hat. I was glad to be in the same drawer with the dear little hat. She is very kind to me and says she will not be ashamed to go out with me again next summer, altho' I am a good bit the worse for wear.

Notice to Subscribers.

It will be noticed that we have omitted some of the departments this month and substituted fiction. We thought this would be more in keeping with the state of the thermometer. This does not mean that these departments are to be discontinued as they will appear again in September.

A Law Department will be started in the October issue, in which a competent attorney will answer perplexing legal questions submitted by our readers. If there is any question of law on which you desire light, state the question plainly and send it in, addressed to the Law Department of Vick's Family Magazine.

My Dolls.

There's Pearl, the biggest one of all,—
Most two feet tall, I guess.
Her hair curls 'actly like my own;
She wears a pink silk dress.
There's Hepsy with the kinky hair,
And face as black as night.
Her eyes roll up, her nose does too,
Her teeth are big and white.
Then there's the clown with yellow coat,
And trousers red and yellow,
With pointed hat and peaked shoes,—
He's such a funny fellow!
But Betsy Jane, she's made of rags,
In calico she's dressed;
My mamma made her once for me,
And I like her lots the best.

Florence A. Hayes.

A RETROSPECT

By NANNIE BYRD TURNER

(Winner of the third prize in our late contest.)

When Memory takes me by the hand
And we go loitering back
Across the half forgotten land—
The Past's deserted track—
There comes before my wistful eyes
The old barn, standing grey and bare,
Outlined against the blinding flare
Of azure August skies.
My spirit drops its weight of years,
My heart forgets its share of pain;
One fleeting hour the past has power,
I am a child again.

A child again! With eager feet
I scale the ladder's height,
Pause at the top with heart a-beat
And laughing eyes shut tight.
And arms outstretched—then one, two, three!
No lingering now; swift through the sweep
Of breathless, waiting air I leap
In reckless ecstasy.
Deep, fathoms deep, I sink, and know
Daylight and earth are far away.
And golden, fragrant waves of hay
Rolling above, below.

A child again; and now the day
Is sunless, dark and cold,
Yet on my royal couch of hay
I turn the hour to gold.
I follow fancies, seeking proof
Of airy nothings passing sweet,
'Till deep in dreams, I hear the beat
Of rain upon the roof.
Without a stormy heaven streams,
And wind-tossed branches bend and weep—
I drift across the sea of dreams
And find the port of sleep.

I am a child no more. At last
Today has claimed her own;
But I return the way I passed
Gladder for having known
That yesterday is closer, far,
Than any dreary-eyed tomorrow;
That no dark cloud of manhood's sorrow
Can shadow childhood's star;
That hearts may never grow too old,
Nor restless lives too distant now
To dream and play one swift, sweet day
In the old barn at home.

A LITTLE SPREAD

By Louise Hardenbergh Adams



ANY of the old ladies were busy, but the center of interest in the room was Miss Dorcas Moore. She was putting the finishing stitches in her wonderful cape, and as a consequence, conversation languished, due to a request she made, as she looked up from her work and begged, "I jes' wisht you'd all quit talkin' fur a bit, long 'nough fur me to git my cape done. Someway I feel so high-set, over this last ruffle."

Mrs. Steely inflated her portly form with indignation. "Ol' Dorcas Moore, she needn't put on airs over her ol' patch o' a cape," she declared. "I'll not shet ep fur no one. I'll talk a blue streak, if I want."

Mrs. Purrr, who sat next to her looked frightened, the very thought of Mrs. Steely's blue streak, was overpowering. She fidgeted nervously until Milly Sherby left the room, then she quickly appropriated her seat, and joined the group about Miss Moore.

Mrs. Steely continued to mutter, until dear old Mrs. Goldberg, lifted her eyes from her knitting. She glanced about the room with a curious smile. "I was always so glad I wasn't under the table, when manners was give out," she slowly, half whispered.

Mrs. Steely's sniffs were emphatic, but she had learned a little wisdom from former encounters with Mrs. Goldberg, and was silenced, for a time.

Miss Dorcas sewed steadily, handing her needles to Lizzie Lund, her faithful shadow who crouched at her feet, to be threaded, and drawing her thread in and out, with strong quick jerks.

At last, with a convulsive sob, she shrilly proclaimed, "It's did!" and laid the finished garment about her knees for the admiration of all. "Laws o' love!" she exclaimed, patting the bright red satin that formed the upper part,—or yoke by courtesy, "how I've wondered if I'd live to see it done, an' I've questioned an awful lot 'bout who I'd leave it to, an' prayed I'd have the wear o' it first a spell." Her thin lips trembled. Great tears filled her eyes. Lizzie buried her face in her blue calico skirt, and howled her sympathy.

"It's a masterpiece o' soinn', an' takin' a right smart o' time to make," said Mrs. Guest, holding the cape close to her nearly sightless eyes. "Minds me a little o' my wrap." As she owned an antiquated black satin cape that had once boasted of a lace ruffle, and still retained its ghost, in the shape of a few snarls and shreds, she was an authority, among the ladies of the almshouse. The interest they felt in Miss Dorcas' cape deepened with her approval.

They had all seen it grow, from the time a cape-germ found a lodgment in Miss Dorcas' mind. She brought with her to the almshouse her most cherished possession; a strange collection of old ribbons, and bits of silk, the accumulation of bygone years. Patchwork was considered an elegant pastime in her new home. Most of the ladies sewed their calico or wool patches together with unbounded satisfaction, until Miss Dorcas innocently roused the spirit of envy among them, for after much discussion, she had almost decided to use her treasures in the construction of a bedspread. She even began to imagine the admiration her bed would excite, if over its gray blanket, she could spread the brilliant wonders of a silk crazy quilt.

Just then she had a glimpse of a lady visitor. Her cape, a very handsome one; was adorned with a multiplicity of ribbon ruffles. Its beauty charmed Miss Dorcas, and as a result, she tried to copy it in the medley she held on her lap.

"I ken hardly sence I've finished it," Miss Dorcas cried, in a trembling voice. "Mercy to me! think o' all the time I've laid out on it, an' the steady work it's took." She held it up for all to admire. "My! ain't it lovely?" she cried in delight. What if its structure was made up of a multitude of small pieces, its ruffles of diverse colors and kinds of ribbons, most of them transformed by plenty of hard rubbing, soft soap, and hot water into shadows of their former brilliancy? Miss Dorcas' cape in her eyes, was as beautiful as the one worn by Mrs. Upfold, the millionaire's wife.

In a manner peculiar to herself, for none of the other residents of the almshouse could achieve it, Miss Dorcas made Lizzie understand they had cause for rejoicing. Then a series of strange sharp cries marked every move of Lizzie's finger, as she pointed out each bright piece and looked up at Miss Dorcas, her witless face strangely changed by an adoring smile.

"She knows most o' 'em well's I do," cried Miss Dorcas, "an' some folks says she ain't over smart. Jes' see her now! she's glad as I be, over my cape."

"Seems to me," shrilly cried Mrs. Steely, eyeing the cape scornfully, "if I was 'bliged to wear sich a rack o' rags, I'd feel like I'd rolled in the merlasses, an' some fool hed shook the piecebag out on me."

"Lal honey!" softly interposed old Mammy Gray, "there's no 'casion to talk so, an' Mis' Dorcas, she 'serves a lot o' praisin' fur the way she's worked on her cape."

"That's very true," said Mrs. Goldberg emphatically. "An' to my notion, its very suitable fur Miss Dorcas. She'll set it off."

"Well, I most guess she'll be set off, when she wears it," murmured Mrs. Basye, a white-faced, emaciated woman, dressed in deep black. She claimed the right to wear her rusty crape, widow's veil, "The hull endurin' time," as Mrs. Purrr was apt to whisper. Now she sat with it partly drawn over her face, and gazed dismally at Miss Dorcas, while she restlessly slipped her old wedding ring; her one link to the few golden years her varied life held, back and forth on her finger, pushing the heavy band up to the enlarged knuckle it could never pass, then working it back with a sigh.

Miss Dorcas watched nervously, as one after another of the ladies tried on her treasure, until she reached the end of her endurance. Taking it from Mrs. Purrr's unwilling hands, she cried, "Now! you've all seen it, I must go an' find Mis' Milholdin, fur she promised me a piller bier to keep it in, when 'twas done. Come Lizzie, an' help me put our new cape all nice away."

Before they could reach the door, it was thrown open with a quick jerk, and Milly Sherby rushed into the room. "Oh! you none o' you ken ever guess what I know!" she shouted. As Milly was famous for her ways of overhearing much that passed between Mrs. Milholdin, the matron, and the lady visitors; her news was always eagerly welcomed, and no time ever lost in guessing.

"Hal! hal! O, O, I'll jest die o' it," she giggled. "Hel! he, Oh! gracious! don't you all wisht you knowed what I do? Tel! he!"

"Why! mercy to me, child! you must a found a Ha! Ha's nest full o' Tel! He's eggs," Mrs. Goldberg cried. "Stop your laughin'! Milly, that's a good girl, an' tell us instanter, what's struck you."

"O! O, you can't eny o' you guess, so I'll tell," tittered Milly. "But say, don't eny o' you tell Mis' Milholder. Why! Mis' Upfold's here, an' she's goin' to have a 'little spread!' that's jest what she's called it,—fur all o' us ladies—at the park." Milly flourished her strangely bent arms before her. "We're all goin'," she shrieked, an'—an'—we're to have,—cakes. Hel! hel! an' Oh! goody! ice scream! My! I'll die, fur we're to git all we ken stuff. Mis' Upfold, she said so."

At first Milly's story was received with much doubt. No one could believe such a wonderful thing was the truth, until Mrs. Milholdin stepped into the room for a moment, and told them of Mrs. Upfold's invitation. "Now," she cried, her kindly face beaming at the thought of their happiness, "Now, every one of us must go tomorrow, for we'll have a lovely time. Mrs. Upfold says, 'The park is beautiful now, so many of the flowers are in bloom!'"

"Thank goodness!" exclaimed Miss Dorcas, "my cape's all ready. I'll jes' love to 'pear out in it first at a real style party. Dear me, I must see if I ken fix up Lizzie a bit." She hurriedly left the room with Lizzie, anxious to see what she could do with a dirty, white silk shawl, Lizzie's one article of finery.

Mrs. Basye furtively fingered her veil, and wondered, if she could steal a chance to steam it over the teakettle, in the kitchen.

Mrs. Goldberg hurried to her corner of the room she shared with Mrs. Purrr, to look over the poor contents of her trunk, an article that raised her to a position of wealth, in the opinion of the other ladies.

In a short time Aunt Ann Fairmain, was the only one left in the big room. She had been burned out, and was brought to the almshouse in her fire scorched garments; after losing, in a few moments, the result of a lifetime's labor. Charity's clothes, may be very comfortable, but their plainness, and coarseness are holes and patches to many a poor soul who wears them.

Aunt Ann looked at her old faded calico dress in despair. Oh, how beautiful Miss Dorcas' cape had seemed to her. Its worn faded look, had for her the same beauty the rare rugs of the Orient have for a connoisseur. Her very soul longed, if not for Miss Dorcas' cape, for one like it. Great tears filled her eyes as she decided she would slip away in the morning, and hide herself until the others started. She well knew, without one thing to redeem the rest, she could never endure the day among the fine folks and the spring beauty of the park, in that worn, patched, old dress.

Busy with her sad thoughts Aunt Ann never noticed Miss Dorcas and Lizzie were in the room, until Lizzie inquisitively poked her ready finger in her eye, then howled when she found it was wet with tears. Miss Dorcas' mind was intent on a package of diamond dye which Mrs. Milholdin told her she might take, but she stopped to inquire the cause of the trouble. A few sympathetic questions drew from Aunt Ann the story of her woe.

"Oh, you jes' git ready, an' mebe I ken borry a wrap fur you," was Miss Dorcas' consolation. "I'd stop longer," she whispered, "but I'm goin' to dye Lizzie's shawl a parrot green. Won't she look sweet in it?" she cried, with a tender loving look at the poor stunted creature, who had stirred in her starved heart the great spring of motherly love.

"Are we all ready?" asked Mrs. Milholdin the next morning, as the ladies gathered in the hall, eager to begin their day's enjoyment. "Where's Aunt Ann? Has any one seen her this morning?"

"I'll find her," Miss Dorcas cried, remembering with compunction, her promise of a wrap. Followed by Lizzie, she began her search, and at last succeeded in finding Aunt Ann in the soiled linen bin.

"Oh, I can't go," sobbed Aunt Ann, as Miss Dorcas dragged her out of the depths. "You an' all the rest o' the ladies look so sweet, an' jest see me." She turned about and showed the great holes in the old shawl she had essayed to hide her poverty under. It had served as an ironing blanket in some kitchen, and announced that fact in a number of places.

Miss Dorcas gazed at her sadly. "I'll len' you my gray shawl," she said, referring to the well-worn garment she had laid aside for her new cape. "No!" she cried, as Lizzie danced up and down before her, wild with delight over the greenness of her beloved shawl, "No, an' this blessed saint o' a child tellin' me what I must do; jes' the same's I'd be done to. I'll lend you my new cape."

She hastily unfastened the great safety pin that held Aunt Ann's shawl, and threw it aside. Then with a look so gracious it transfigured her plain old face and gave her a touch of the divine, she put her cherished cape about Aunt Ann's shaking shoulders.

The "Little Spread," was nearly over, and as Mrs. Milholdin went from table to table among her ladies she came to Miss Dorcas.

"Are you all having a good time?" she asked. "You look so happy Miss Dorcas, how are you enjoying the day?"

Miss Dorcas pointed to Lizzie, smacking her lips over her fourth dish of ice cream, then smiled at Aunt Ann who sat near her, eating a huge slice of cake, while the front of the notable cape was well protected with all the napkins gathered from that table.

"Why! I never had such a sweetly pretty day," Miss Dorcas laughed, looking up at Mrs. Milholdin with a beaming smile. "There's Aunt Ann, she looks so beautiful, an' Lizzie's so happy, someway I'm all tuned up to goodness, till it seems most like heaven here."

A Byway Garden.

BY MABEL CORNELIA MATSON.

I know a little garden set
Deep in a field of rye,
And none lay claim save the wandering bee,
The butterflies and I.

There pale primroses and purple vetch
Together in beauty vie
With the green of the grain and the red of the soil
And the blue of the bending sky.

And I know that always in years to come
Wherever I may be,
The pale primrose and the purple vetch
Will bloom and beckon for me.

Your Last Chance

We have been accepting subscriptions to Vick's at too low a price—we have known it all along—for the sake of building our circulation up to the 100,000 mark and now the time has come to go back to our regular price of 50c a year, which we will do on August 25th. Until that time we will accept yearly subscriptions at 25c each. You may subscribe for as many years as you like at this rate and we trust that you will induce your friends to send their subscriptions also.

Your Last Chance

To enter our "Famous Statesmen" contest. See our large ad of it elsewhere. This is the most popular Contest we have ever conducted. Try your hand at it, it costs you nothing; simply send the list of names with your subscription fee. The results of the contest will be announced in our September issue.

Your Last Chance

On our liberal clubbing offers announced elsewhere in this issue. A new schedule will appear in our September issue and while our offers will continue to be as low or lower than those of other publishers, we will not be able to duplicate some of the very low prices which we have advertised during the past year. We suggest therefore that you look over our offers and sent your order before Aug. 25th.

VICK PUBLISHING CO.

THE MOTHER'S MEETING

"God could not be everywhere—so He made Mothers."

By Victoria Wellman.



NOTE—Letters requesting private reply should be addressed to Victoria Wellman, care of Vick's Family Magazine, Rochester, N. Y. All letters accompanied by a stamp will receive reply in due order.

Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep.

"Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,"
'Twas my childhood's early prayer
Taught by mothers' love and care.
Many years since then have fled;
Mother slumbers with the dead,
Yet, methinks I see her now
With love lit eyes and holy brow,
As, kneeling by her side to pray,
She gently taught me how to say,
"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

Oh! could the faith of childhood's days,
Oh! could its simple, joyous trust
Be re-created from the dust
That lies around a wasted life
The fruit of many a bitter strife!
Oh! then at night in prayer I'd bend
And call my God, my Father, Friend
And pray with childlike faith once more
The prayer my mother taught of yore—
"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

Discouraged Mothers.

She arose at five a. m., in winter and four a. m., in summer. Her "people" were of a plodding, placid type, and her husband's relatives were, while wealthy and influential, very proud and distant and she was often too busy or too tired for church or its many social doings. Gradually acquaintances were growing fewer and even so-called friends were cooler and all, all alike reproved her for her overwork and long hours. Her husband, good soul, slept late on Sunday and no one offered to build the fire unless she were ill and she seldom complained. Sundays were really harder than week days because she had, unluckily for herself, mayhap, strong piety and ideals hard to reach. There were six children born in twelve years and all had filled her soul with rapture while babies, and been heavy labor later on, borne patiently enough. The oldest was twelve, the youngest one year old when she sat down one day to bitter meditations.

"My life is a failure, I guess!" she cried. The baby smiled upward and prattled at her knee while she, unable to really "rest," kept the shining darning needle moving quicker than thought. Endless humdrum—endless meals, endless dishes and dust and darning. Mountains of sewing ahead of me and such washings and ironings that my back never stops aching. No one seems to know how tired I am even when children are ill and I am awake all night. John means right but is so selfish in small matters. Sometimes—sometimes I feel—"

And right here appeared a sweet face. Mrs. Dare felt resentful for a moment because this lady's eyes had too plainly seen her wet eyes, but no one could remain cross when Mrs. Darrow's kind voice and her black robes had made an impression, and as a "book agent" she was a success. "Yes," Mrs. Dare could be heard wondering at herself, "I am too busy already but I'm so lonesome," her voice trembled, "so it you care to stay here a week, you're welcome."

During the week Mrs. Darrow soon learned Mrs. Dare's burdens. To her the motto, "Bear ye one another's burdens" meant something. She talked with "John" and the children until all agreed "Mother" must have a vacation, and wonderful to say she had, for Mrs. Darrow's promise to "run in every day and see all is well" comforted her. While on this vacation she read books she had longed to read, wrote old friends,

slept like a child. Three weeks transformed her with renewed courage and a healthy addition of flesh and color.

Mrs. Darrow's letters spurred her on—a revelation, a revolution was occurring at home, John was now positive she was the good angel of Home. The oldest child a girl of twelve, constantly said "How could mother do so much." The hired seamstress remarked, "It beats all, the amount of sewing and mending needed for this house." The washwoman sighed over the tubs grimly—"It do be a hard days' wurk to do this family's wash, sure," and John overheard these things.

"I'm willing to hire help if any can be found—but I'm not rich. Really Linda has slaved too long alone and all of us were careless. She has cried so much lately over being 'so discouraged,'" I vow I'd go mad if I were in her shoes one week. She shall never again think I don't understand or the children don't appreciate her. Why it's a chore to do even her morning's work, bathing three children, fixing their breakfasts, helping them play right, baking every day, ironing most of the week, washing till near dead, bathing or driving the older three to bathe every night, they just won't clean their teeth or wash their heads or trim their nails. The boys tear things and lose neckties. The girls lose hair ribbons and handkerchiefs. Their bedrooms and bureaus are enough to drive a woman hysterical. And then, well, I've missed her way of making Sunday a happy day and I'm sorry now I never helped her in her little plans. Its great how she finds a minute to start those children playing right when something of a quarrel rises, or reads to them, or gets them to sing, or takes the little folks to her room and teaches Bible lessons from some old Sunday School cards she got them to paste in a scrapbook. She's terrible busy, Linda is, yet we all run to her for extra help in trouble or sickness, and the way she cuddles her little babies has always made me think of pictures I've seen—the Madonna kind, you know."

Yes, Mrs. Darrow knew. She had been there and with help from the oldest girl inaugurated a household system, suited to the motherless circle. She had seen with an intelligent and experienced eye just the extent of overwork on washing, scrubbing, ironing and sewing done by Mrs. Dare, and had mended for them all she could. Kind talks and suggestions added to their loneliness, made them prize while they missed their mother. The older boy's sage remark typified his inner thoughts. "Guess I'll never bother mother any more about forgetting the kindling or blacking my shoes. Say, I'm going to surprise her! O, I'm going to clean my bureau myself."

"So am I," chimed in two little girls, "and we are going to learn to darn and sew on buttons and dust and wipe dishes." "Good for you!" exclaimed the father warmly, "and I shall help her build fires, carry water, and on Sundays get her to take a nap or go to church."

"Oh," cried the little boy of four years, "s'pose Mummie never comes home! I'm so lonesome." "Bless his heart," and the father keenly realizing now in how many ways parental love expresses itself, cuddled the boy awhile, undressed him, heard the prayer so trustfully worded, kissed him for mother, told a comic story and went down in time to cheer the older pair engaged over a dish pan by promise of "a game if you hurry," and drew a picture or cartoon for those little laughing admirers. They were deep in the

game when the door flew open and there stood—Mother. The father's eyes glowed; even as he sprung forward he had noted how love seemed transfiguring her face until it gleamed a warm white picture of peace in the surrounding darkness, as she stood there smiling gladly, holding a sleepy head against her breast, (poor "babykin" had succumbed to weariness) and soon circled about by all her dear ones.

Later on she read with moist eyes the "piece" John had clipped from a newspaper and felt strong for life's battle, able for victory.

The "Piece John" read:

Only Mother.

Only mother! She won't care if we leave her alone; she doesn't mind.

Only mother! You wanted a tennis racket and she gave you the money that she was saving for a calico gown. But, she didn't need the gown; she said so.

Only mother! She hasn't had anything new this summer. But it is different with her; she is old and you are young. Of course it is natural that you should want frills and ruffles; she doesn't care for them.

Only mother! She wouldn't enjoy the picnic. Besides she hasn't time to go; there is work to be done. She told you so. Why, bless her, she had "lots rather stay at home and finish that weeding in the garden. Didn't she say so?"

Only mother! Her hat is out of style but that isn't the reason why she didn't go to church Sunday. She laughs at "style" and doesn't care if her clothes are dingy and faded. Didn't she tell you so, just Saturday?

Only mother! It isn't necessary to go down again. Mother won't mind the forgotten "good night." You would feel hurt if you were forgotten but mothers are different somehow. They don't care about little things.

And so mother sits alone. Mother goes without the calico gown. Mother doesn't care for ruffles. Mother enjoys weeding more than picnics. Mother loves faded gowns and old-fashioned bonnets. Mother isn't sensitive; she doesn't care if she is forgotten. So, too often has a corner in the family, a corner all her own and one from which she seldom moves but from which she scatters the blessings that are hers to give.

Too often, mother is "different somehow," and husband and children believe it, accept it—until she is gone. In too many homes mother is a part of and still not of, the family circle. Strange as it may seem, sons and daughters think that mother does not feel as they do, does not care as they care, can not be hurt as they are hurt. But some day when their own hairs are gray and they have sons and daughters of their own and the memory of the sweet, patient face of mother comes to them across the years, then will they know that Mother Was Not Different. Then will they know that, though her lips smiled, her heart bled. That though her tongue spoke lightly her soul was filled with dread. That though the thoughtless ones believed that she did not care, her heart was seamed with scars, her pillow was wet with secret weeping.

Oh, remember, that Mother Does Care. That in her love she wishes others to forget her needs, others to go, to dress, to be gay—but She Cares.

Mother Is Not Different, She Feels, She Suffers, She can Weep and She Can Be Gay.

"They say this world is growing worse, I don't believe it though; They say men worship but the purse, I don't believe it though, They say that greatness is no more, That all the wise have gone before, And only trouble is in store—I don't believe it though!"

Review of Books for Heartease Libraries.

"Marriage A Lifelong Honeymoon" is one of those books written in strong good sense by a devoted and deep thinking benefactor to the human race and full of facts which illuminate many problems of the past known and sorely felt and endured by the majority of its readers who have felt the "ties" of marriage at times to be

(Continued on page eighteen.)

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DUBS' OZARK HERBS restore gray, streaked or faded hair to its natural color, beauty and softness. Prevents the hair from falling out, promotes its growth, cures and prevents dandruff, and gives the hair a soft, glossy and healthy appearance. It WILL NOT STAIN THE SCALP. It is not sticky or dirty, contains no sugar of lead, nitrate silver, copperas, or poisons of any kind, but is composed of roots, herbs, bark and flowers. **PACKAGE MAKES ONE PINT.** It will produce the most luxuriant tresses from dry, coarse and wiry hair, and bring back the color originally was before it turned gray. Full size package sent by mail, postpaid, for 50 cents. **OZARK HERB CO., Block 27, St. Louis, Mo.**

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Editorial.

Silver Hairs.

One of the most remarkable incidents in Japan's preparation for the war with Russia was the calling together of the "Elder Statesmen" for consultation. I fear that there is too great a tendency in this "strenuous" age to class as "old fogies" or "back numbers" those who have been through the battles and have had an opportunity to learn the ways of war and the lay of the land. It is natural for youth, fired with ambition, to chafe under the restraints and conservatism insisted upon by those of mature years, but I believe the chief reason for the trend of the times in this direction is the great desire of men to gain wealth and position quickly. Men prefer to take chances with the hope of quick reward, rather than follow the slower yet surer road to success. Instead of the father remaining the head of the family, to whom the sons go for council and advice, he is too often the "old man," even to boys in their teens, to whom they go only when they are "short" or in trouble. As Russia and the rest of the world are learning from the Flowery Kingdom lessons in the art of war, so we may learn a lesson from these far-away people on the veneration of old men.

If parents would teach their children to respect old age, not only because of the gray hairs but because of the wisdom which the years have brought, there would soon be a wholesome change in the attitude of the young towards their elders. Learning to respect them they would consult them on important matters and would thus be saved from many of the snares and pitfalls into which the young fall unawares. Life has enough difficulties and failures without those which can be avoided by seeking good advice from those who have stumbled and fallen themselves, and are thus able to point out to us the rough places.

* * * * *

Another phase of our American life, which is attracting the attention of thinking men, is the great demand for young men in every walk of life. The rapid pace in the business world requires active, energetic men, and the present theory seems to be that between the ages of twenty and forty are the productive years of a man's life. Some large concerns have set forty as the age limit for their employees. The effects of this situation are necessarily serious and often disastrous. Few men can accumulate much money from their salaries, and the prospect of being thrown out of employment at forty years of age is not a pleasing one to contemplate. The result is that men speculate and take enormous chances in business ventures with the hope of getting a start on the road to success, where they can be independent of an employer. Of course the coast is strewn with countless wrecks, but men with life and spirit are apt to prefer to take chances battling with the waves, rather than be carried down the stream to certain destruction over the cataract. The situation is probably more acute in respect to age, in the offices and stores of our cities than elsewhere.

A young minister told me recently that the age "dead line" for a preacher was about forty-five, unless he be a preacher of more than ordinary power and ability. Audiences demand "fire" and eloquence rather than great wisdom these days, and they are more apt to find these qualities in the young preacher. It is no wonder that the number of young men entering the ministry each year is rapidly decreasing. An active ministry of from fifteen to twenty years at a nominal salary, would seem to be small compensation for the years of hard study required in preparation. All honor to those who, regardless of the small pecuniary advantages, give their lives to this work.

If it is true, as scientists tell us, that the life of man is gradually lengthening, a man of forty should still be regarded as young, while from forty-five to sixty he should be in the prime of life. Let us hope that a reaction may take place and that the craze for young men may give way to a more rational situation with due acknowledgment of ability, whatever the age of the man.

Contentment.

The man must be happy indeed, who can say with that Saint of old "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." There is hardly a man in business, or the professions, who does not think he would do better at something else. The work the other fellow is doing seems so much easier than his own. The man in the city longs for a little farm, where he can breathe the pure air and enjoy the luxuries of fresh milk, eggs, vegetables and fruits in abundance, and really and truly live on the fat of the land. The man in the country is tired of the hum drum life without the "advantages" of the town. If we could only understand the real situation I am sure we would all be pretty well satisfied with our lot. No one has been able to grow roses without thorns yet, and it would seem that it was not intended that we should do so. If the Allwise had intended Jones to fill Smith's place, and do Smith's work he would have sent the stork to the Smith family with him on the start and not to the Jones household. Let us look for all the joy and sunshine we can in our own lives, and we are pretty sure to see more and more of it as the days go by, and we shall be so contented and happy in contemplating our own good fortune that it will radiate from us and add to the joys of others.

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Home Dressmaking HINTS BY MAY MANTON.

A Becoming Negligee

Pretty and attractive negligees should be accounted among the necessities of life. This one is eminently graceful and is appropriate for a wide range of materials but as illustrated is made of figured crepe with bandings of plain silk. The quantity of material required for the medium size is $9\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27, 9 yards 32 or $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide, with $7\frac{1}{2}$ yards of banding. The pattern 4683 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure.



Pattern No. 4683.

For Early Fall

Eton costumes are always admirable for between seasons wear and are eminently smart at the present time. This one includes some of the latest features and is made of canvas veiling trimmed with fancy braid. The quantity of material required for the medium size is, for Eton $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 21 or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide, with $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of banding 2 inches wide for vest; for skirt $11\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27, $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide when material has figure or nap, $8\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27 or $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide when material has neither figure nor nap. The waist pattern 4728 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure. The skirt pattern 4739 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.



Waist pattern No. 4728. Skirt pattern No. 4739.

Of Embroidered Pongee

Shirt waist suits of pongee embroidered in simple all-over designs are among the latest features of the season and are both smart and comfortable. This one combines a plain waist with a skirt made in alternate plaits and plaited gores and is eminently stylish. In addition to the material illustrated the design is appropriate for all those in use for costumes of the sort. The quantity of material required for the medium size is, for waist $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 21, 4 yards 27 or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide; for skirt $8\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27 or $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide. The waist pattern 4730 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure. The skirt pattern 4739 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.



Waist pattern No. 4730. Skirt pattern No. 4739.

A Satisfactory Shirt Waist.

Shirt waists made with deep plaits that extend to yoke depth are always becoming and are in the height of style. This one is specially to be desired at this season inasmuch as it suits the vestings and heavier cottons of earlier autumn exceptionally well. As shown it is made of mercerized chevilot and worn with a tie of plain color. The quantity of material required for the medium size is $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 21, 4 yards 27 or 2 yards 44 inches wide. The pattern 4716 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inch bust measure.



Pattern No. 4715.

A Handsome Waist.

Waists made with deep circular berthas are much in vogue and suit the greater number of figures admirably well. This one is made of white chiffon veiling with trimming of lace and yoke of banding applied over net and held by fancy stitches. Various materials might, however, be suggested and the berthas can be made entirely of lace whenever preferred. The quantity of material required for the medium size is $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards 21, $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27 or 3 yards 44 inches wide, with $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of all-over lace for berthas. The pattern 4731 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure.

Batiste and Lace

No material of the summer is prettier or more attractive than batiste. This charming model shows the material in white dotted with blue and combined with a lace yoke and frills. The model, however, will be found admirable for soft wools as well as cotton materials and can be safely utilized for the costumes of the coming season. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4 yards 21, 3 yards 27 or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide, with $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of all-over lace, $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of lace edging and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of applique to make as illustrated. The pattern 4736 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure.



Pattern No. 4731.



Pattern No. 4736

One Of The Latest Waists

Bolero waists are always attractive and make up most charmingly in the fashionable materials. This one eludes of many combinations but as illustrated shows the bodice of white mull with bolero of figured batiste which matches the skirt. The blouse is a simple one made full at both back and front with a lace square at the front and can be worn without the bolero as may be desirable. The quantity of material required for the medium size is $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 21, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27 or



Waist pattern No. 4740. Skirt pattern No. 4741.

$2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide, with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of all-over lace for bolero. $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 21 or 27 or $\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide for bolero. The pattern 4728 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure.



Pattern No. 4738

A Fashionable Dinner Gown

Flowered nets are much in vogue for all occasions of demi dress and are exceedingly attractive made up in fashionable full skirts and waists. This one is white with design of pale pink and is mounted over white, the yoke being made of plain white net laid in tucks and trimmed with applique of lace. The quantity of material required for the medium size is, for waist 8 yards 21, 6 yards 27 or $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide, with 1 yard of tucking for yoke; for skirt 15 yards 21, 12 yards 27 or $7\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide. The waist pattern 4740 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure. The skirt pattern 4741 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

White With Cream Color

No combination is prettier or more fashionable than white silk with cream lace. This very attractive waist illustrates its beauty and is made of Corean crepe with the yoke and frills of lace. When liked the lining beneath the yoke can be cut away, so giving a transparent effect and various combinations can be substituted for those mentioned. The quantity of material required for the medium size is $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 21, 3 yards 27 or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide with one yard of all-over lace and $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of lace for frills. The pattern 4738 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure.

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Pattern No. 4728

By Charlotte F. Boldtmann.

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The Household

Hot-Weather Hints.

BY JOSEPHINE WORTHINGTON.

"Life is the finest of the Fine Arts."
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The art of living during the hot months requires considerable judgment, but as in everything else, brain power counts and when the thermometer is soaring in the nineties something must be done to lessen the work of the house-keeper. Every atom of strength must be conserved and it takes careful planning to combine different kinds of work to the best advantage. The three hottest occupations—baking, canning and laundry require the most thought.

Baking—This is a good time to experiment with new ideas about uncooked food, so as to use less meat and pastry—more eggs, fruits, cereals, vegetables, nuts and salads; remembering always that the muscle worker needs a different kind of food from the brain worker, and if meat is left out of the menu something of equal value must be substituted. When baking or ironing requires a hot fire it can also be utilized to cook part of next day's breakfast and dinner. Split peas or beans will take the place of meat for one meal but are too hearty for hot weather when used alone, so are better made into croquettes.

Split Pea Croquettes—Boil the peas two or three hours, press through a sieve, mix with an equal quantity of mashed potato, season with salt and pepper, form into croquettes; if not needed till next day place in ice box, then roll in egg and bread crumbs, brown in butter or olive oil. Bean croquettes can be made the same way. Rice mixed with chopped nuts is also good. A cereal can also be cooked to warm up the next morning. Oat meal needs cooking three hours—advertisements to the contrary notwithstanding. If cooked one hour and allowed to stand over night in double boiler then warmed up it can be digested. Try serving with cream and buttered toast. Another good cereal is coarse hominy, similar to the old-fashioned "samp." It will stand cooking all day; serve with salt and cream; some like toast or bread and butter with it.

Cereals—There are so many good preparations on the market it seems almost unnecessary to give suggestions on the subject, but if anyone has rejected shredded wheat served with sugar, try another way—heat the biscuits quickly till crisp, put cream in an oatmeal saucer break into it a little biscuit at a time, sprinkle lightly with salt. All flaked foods are best served this way.

Substitute for Pastry—Instead of pies, tarts can be made by spreading jam, jelly, fig paste, etc., on wafers. Custards are good with graham crackers. Bake in a double boiler, a lemon custard cake just as you would for filling a pie, serve with what are called by some "egg crackers."

Gas Stoves—The new gas stove has overcome many difficulties which the old one had, but as some people may be still combatting the problems of the old stove a few suggestions are offered.

To Roast Meat while baking in the oven—Put the tray close to the fire and set the pan containing the roast on the very bottom of the stove. The tray will radiate enough heat to cook the roast at the same time preventing it from burning.

To Make Toast—Lower the tray to the right distance from the fire and if it "balks" when it is pulled back and forth to turn the toast, buy a cheap wire toaster, remove the small rings that hold it together, place the bread on these toasters.

To Bake Bread—Light the oven and let heat for fifteen minutes. Allow the bread to bake fifteen minutes at this temperature, turn down the gas half way

for the next twenty minutes and the remainder of the time turn out one burner or both. Of course the force of gas at different times and in different cities has to be considered, but as a rule the trouble seems to be that things are burned.

To Bake Cake—Heat the oven fifteen minutes, then upon putting in the cake turn off the gas half way. If inclined to bake too fast on the bottom fill a large square tin with water and put below the cake after it has baked ten minutes.

To Heat Flat Irons—A thin iron cover can be bought to use on the largest burner. If you have an old tin teakettle cut out the bottom with a can opener; placing this over the irons retains the heat.

Canning—One often shrinks from all the labor involved in canning but the result is so much more satisfactory that the desire to possess the home-made article can scarcely be resisted. Small fruits like white cherries and all the berries, also plums, pears and peaches are better boiled in the cans. This also renders the labor more comfortable as the fruit can be washed and prepared in the cool of the morning or late in the afternoon. Put the fruit directly in the cans after weighing. Allow the right proportion of sugar to the pound, make a syrup, pour over the fruit to within an inch of the top, seal lightly. There is no harm in letting them stand a few hours in this condition till a convenient time to cook. Cut a board to fit the bottom of a wash boiler, put the cans on this, not touching each other; fill with warm or cold water three quarters the height of the jar, cover, cook twenty minutes after the water boils. Its a good plan to have an extra jar with a little fruit and syrup to fill the cans to the top when they are taken from the boiler. When doing a few cans the colander and big preserving kettle can be used. Spiced preserves and jams must be cooked some time. A new way is to cook them in the oven when the top of the stove is in use.

Can Covers and Rubbers—Old covers sometimes give trouble. If the porcelain tops have become loose, allowing the fruit juice to get in, it may be necessary to boil them in soda and water to insure cleanliness. The old-fashioned rings may be too large. After putting on the glass top, lay over it a piece of thin muslin, then carefully screw on the ring, not letting the cloth wrinkle, trim off the extra amount of cloth. When old rubbers are used two may be necessary.

Laundry—If we could choose our surroundings for the summer washing, it would be under a grape arbor with a pleasant outlook. We would iron here too and can fruit by the aid of a gasoline stove. It might take a trifle longer but all these activities which absorb so much time and strength are just living—that "finest of the fine arts."

To Wash dainty turn overs and laces—Make a soap jelly of home-made soap by shaving a cake into warm water or use ivory soap with a little borax, shake to dissolve and let stand till it jellies. Put the lace into a glass fruit jar, add warm water and soap jelly; if much soiled it can stand several hours shaking a number of times, rinse thoroughly. Embroidery yellow with age can be washed in this way, then spread on the grass to bleach;

(Continued on page eighteen.)

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MISS BROWN'S BAGGAGE

By Eleanor M. Hiestand Moore.

THE West Shore Express arrived at Catskill in a pouring rain. Miss Brown was not an experienced traveler, or she might have foreseen that the hotel stage would drive off without her, if she stopped to send a telegram without giving due notice. But she had forgotten to leave her address in the city, and there were business matters pending which made this omission especially unfortunate.

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, putting into that exclamation all the essential elements of profanity.

There was nothing to do but walk, and so she gathered up her skirts, looking ruefully at the muddy mountain road and the gathering twilight. What a sight she would look, arriving on foot, covered with mire, at dinner time at a very fashionable hotel where she had dreamed that for once in her life she was going to be really elegant.

"Oh, dear!" she said again, after the first mile, when she was beginning to feel just a little fatigued, and to wish she had stayed at the station.

"I could have telephoned for the stage to come back for me," she reflected, and began to think of retracing her steps, when she heard the sound of wheels behind her. They were going very fast at first, but they slowed as they came nearer. There was a man, in a natty little mountain wagon, sitting up very straight and swathed to the ears in a shapely rain coat.

"I beg pardon," he said, reining up his horse. "May I ask if you are going my way? Could I give you a lift?"

Anna met a pair of nice eyes, which were looking at her curiously but kindly, and with perfect courtesy.

"I am on my way to the Mountain House," he explained. "The walking is rather bad and, if you wish to, I should be glad to have you ride over with me."

"Oh!" said Anna. I should be awfully obliged to you! I'm such a fool! I stopped to send a telegram and I let the stage go off without me."

He sprang out quickly and made room for her. In a few minutes, it seemed that a miracle of Providence had happened to her, for she was spinning along the road in Dick Livingston's wagon—in which women very seldom had a chance to ride.

"This is awfully good of you!" Anna said gratefully; and when she smiled up at him, he felt a little glow about his heart that was new to him. As he looked down at her, he had a sense of proprietary right that was hardly warranted by the situation.

"Have I met you before?" he asked curiously.

"I think not," Anna replied. Of course he had not. Into the world of a public school teacher, men of his stamp very seldom penetrate.

"You are from New York?"

"Yes."

"I am sure I have seen you somewhere," he persisted, thinking that if he had not met her before he hoped he would meet her again.

It was a full hour's ride to the hotel, over a steep and muddy road; and when Livingston helped her out of the wagon he felt sorry they had come to the end of it.

Anna looked down on her muddy boots, and her skirts, which were much bedraggled.

"I hope my trunk is here," she observed. "I understand that there are always delays about the delivery of baggage at Catskill, so I sent my trunk ahead yesterday."

"That was like a woman," observed Livingston laughing. It is more important, no doubt, to have one's wardrobe transported than one's own person."

"Neither is much good without the other," Anna replied, and she was glad to find that in the room to which she was ushered, her trunk was standing ready for her. Ridding herself hastily of her wet boots and gown, she took out her keys and opened the trunk.

It was one of those large, square trunks, covered with gray canvas and bound with brass—such a trunk as anybody might

own; and, in her haste to dress for dinner, Anna did not notice that it had apparently grown a couple of sizes larger since she left New York.

"I'll put on my blue challie," she decided. "It is right in the top tray."

But, as a matter of fact, it wasn't there at all. The key had turned easily, and she threw back the lid in perfect confidence; but the contents of the trunk, revealed at that moment, were utterly unfamiliar to her. On the top lay a fluffy gown of china silk, neatly folded over a waist of violet chiffon, and in intimate relation with a lace wrap which she had never seen before. These were not her things at all. In fact, they were much too elegant and costly ever to have belonged to her.

"Why, this isn't my trunk!" she exclaimed.

Yet it looked like her trunk, and it was marked very appropriately in small letters, "Anna Brown, New York City."

She rang the bell and had the clerk upstairs before long. He knew nothing about the trunk, except that it had been forwarded the previous day in Miss Brown's name, and they had put it in the room which Miss Brown had engaged.

Anna was left in possession. If there had been a mistake, inquiries would be made at the station. Her own trunk had probably got mixed up with some other trunk in New York. Brown was not an uncommon name, and trunks often had a way of resembling each other. But it would probably take days to straighten the matter out. Meanwhile, what was she to do?

Anna proceeded to investigate the wardrobe which had been exchanged for her own. It belonged to some lady of wealth, evidently—some lady whose name was the same as her own—for the linen was all clearly marked, and monograms of her own initial, were scattered over everything in silver and delicate embroidery. At first Anna thought she wouldn't go down stairs at all, and then she made up her mind not to be cheated out of the pleasure of her hard-earned outing. She had sacrificed so much to secure this little fling in society.

"I wonder how I would look in it!" she thought, shaking out the white china silk which fell in a wonderful trail of soft-plaited drapery and lace over the floor. "It's awfully pretty!"

She tried on the china silk gown. If it hadn't fitted so well, she might have resisted the temptation, but destiny had planned the whole affair, with curious skill, for the gown might have been made for her, and it was more becoming than anything she had ever hoped to own. That decided her.

As Anna came out of the dining-room she saw Livingston, in evening dress, standing in an expectant way at the foot of the stairs. He hesitated a moment, but, as she smiled at him graciously, he came over to speak to her.

"You are none the worse for your tramp, I hope?" he said, smiling down at her face, which was delicately flushed and peculiarly charming.

"I am feeling very well," Anna declared, "but horribly lonely, somehow, I don't know a soul in the hotel."

"Sometimes that is a blessing—in a summer hotel," Livingston remarked.

"Most of us know too many people, I think. But now I am quite sure I have met you before. It is an awful thing to confess, but I remember your gown better than I remember you. Aren't you Miss Anna Brown? Didn't I meet you at the last reception of the Water Color Club in New York?"

"My name is Anna Brown," she said, "but I don't think we have ever met before—not there, at least."

"Then it must have been somewhere else," he persisted eagerly. "I will try to remember. No. I am not going to allow you to ignore it. I am one of the acquaintances you can't get rid of."

It would have been impossible to disabuse him for this impression without being positively rude. By this time, Anna had abandoned herself to the current of events, and let herself drift where it bore her.

The question of clothes soon ceased

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to trouble her. At the end of a week, she was still in possession of the mysterious trunk, for the effort made to trace her baggage had revealed the fact that on June 27 there had been two trunks forwarded from the New York depot to two Miss Anna Browns, one going to the West Shore railroad and the other to the steamship Savoy, en route for Europe. The other Miss Anna Brown had by this time probably arrived in France with the clothes of her double.

"I am not going to let this mistake spoil all my pleasure," Anna declared, and from that time forward she proceeded to wear with perfect sang froid all of the charming gowns which chance had so strangely allotted her. Afterwards she wished she hadn't—that awful "afterwards" that so invariably follows!

It was one morning when she looked especially charming in a tailored suit of linen duck, very oddly and stylishly made, that Anna noticed Mrs. Hasbrouck looking at her rather strangely. Mrs. Hasbrouck had only arrived the day before. She was a peculiar woman, very rich and well established socially, but from the first Anna felt very keenly that Mrs. Hasbrouck did not favor her. She had a way of looking at Anna's clothes which, in view of the facts, was uncomfortable.

"My dear Miss Brown," she said, eyeing Anna very keenly, "would you pardon my asking a very rude question? Is that a Redfern gown you are wearing? It is uncommonly pretty. I have only seen one other like it, and, strange to say, it belongs to a niece of mine whose name is the same as your own. It is most extraordinary, but—"

Anna dropped the little netted silver purse she was carrying. Mrs. Hasbrouck pounced upon it suddenly. It was a curious little Turkish affair, set with turquoises around the rim, a very odd and individual thing.

"Why, this is Anna's purse!" exclaimed Mrs. Hasbrouck suddenly. "I gave it to her on her last birthday. How did you get it? Where—"

Anna turned deadly pale. She tried to stammer some words of explanation, but Mrs. Hasbrouck burst forth in a passion of excitement in indignation:

"You have stolen it! You have stolen all her things! That is Anna's dress you have on now! I thought I recognized the crepe shawl you were wearing last night, and that chiffon waist she had made at Madame Bonney's. What are you doing here, using my niece's name and wearing all of her things? Good heavens! Mrs. Livingston, did you ever hear of such a thing? This girl is nothing but an adventuress. She is just a common thief—nothing but a common thief!"

Her voice had grown hysterical, and its shrill, loud tones denounced poor Anna before the whole hotel.

"I—you are mistaken, Mrs. Hasbrouck," she gasped. "I—allow me to explain!"

"I will not listen to a word you say," cried Mrs. Hasbrouck. "You don't dare tell me that those clothes you are wearing are your own. I know better."

"They are not mine," Anna said faintly. That is true, But—

Just listen to that!" shrieked the excited woman. "She admits that they are not her clothes! Where's Mr. Burroughs, the proprietor? I demand to have her baggage searched!"

"Mrs. Hasbrouck," Dick Livingston interrupted quickly, "I beg you to restrain yourself. The young lady desires to offer some explanation. It is only right that she should be heard."

The stern, cold tone of his voice cut Anna's heart like a knife. Should she ever again hear him speak to her as he had spoken before? In that moment of agony and shame, she knew how absolutely necessary to her happiness the sound of his voice had become. The mortification of exposure was nothing to the anguish of the thought that he would never care to speak to her again.

"Let me go," she gasped. "I—I did not steal the clothes, Mrs. Hasbrouck. I will tell you how I came by them. My trunk—"

Suddenly a deathly faintness overpowered her.

"O, Dick!" she wailed, and then blackness closed around her. They carried her to her room insensible.

Of course, the story of the trunks was known to the hotel clerk, and a fairly creditable explanation followed; but Mrs. Hasbrouck refused to be mollified.

"That doesn't excuse her for wearing Anna's clothes," she declared indignantly. "Any lady under the circumstances would have gone away at once—and yes! Of course it was all right for her to keep the trunk until she got her own back, but she had no right to wear Anna's gowns. You know very well she hadn't. Don't talk to me, Dick Livingston! You have been well brought up, and you know just as well as I do what would have been proper under the circumstances."

"I know," observed Livingston coldly, "that good breeding calls for more charity than is usually found among women in their judgment of each other."

"Humph!" retorted Mrs. Hasbrouck. "Who is this girl, anyhow? Where did she come from? What is she doing here all alone? She's a public school teacher; that's all we know about her!"

Livingston was silent. Anna had refused to see him. The trunk (unfortunate object of so much dispute!) had been brought down to Mrs. Hasbrouck's room, and the unfortunate victim of the incident was leaving for New York on the morning train, before anyone was up.

The shock of it all had made Anna ill. The porter on the train, seeing how white she looked, had exchanged her seat for a place in one of the compartments of the drawing-room car. She was devoutly thankful to be left alone and in such perfect privacy.

"It serves me right," she said bitterly. "I wanted to seem to be something I was not. I was glad to keep up the deceit. I hadn't courage to let him know the truth. I was afraid that if he knew I was only a school teacher he might think less of me. Of course, I had no right to wear the clothes. They were not mine—and yet I wonder what another woman would have done under the same circumstances."

Turning restlessly from the window, she glanced through the glass partition and saw a man across the aisle reading the "New York Journal." A full page, with illustrations, blazoned forth the recent sensation at the Catskill Mountain House. The whole thing had come out in the papers! Anna uttered a low cry, and hid her face on the cushions of the seat. She was sobbing bitterly when a tall figure darkened the doorway of the compartment, and she heard Dick Livingston say very quietly:

"It is perfect folly for you to take this matter so much to heart. I wish you would be sensible about it."

"Anna's heart contracted a moment and then she felt the expansion which delicious joy brings.

"Mr. Livingston!" she faltered. "Are—are you going to New York?"

He slipped into the seat beside her and smiled at her half-quizzically. "I am going wherever you go," he replied serenely, "unless you expressly forbid it."

"But—" she began.

"I should think," he remarked, "that you would be tired of a name that was so liable to breed confusion, so I am going to propose that when we reach New York we shall take the necessary legal steps to change it to Livingston."

She looked at him just an instant, but all that he had left unsaid was shining in his eyes.

"Will you marry me, Miss Brown?" he asked directly.

"If you wish it," she replied; which he evidently did.

Mrs. Hasbrouck was scandalized, but she wished she had not said so much, especially when her niece wrote a jolly letter from Paris to a friend of the Livingstons.

"I have been wearing some other woman's clothes ever since I landed," she wrote. "Our trunks got mixed up somehow and I had to wear what I had or nothing. The wardrobe to which I fell heir is really more suitable for traveling than my own. I hope the other woman got as much good out of my gowns as I have gotten out of hers. It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good!"

"That was the Anna Brown you had met before," observed Mrs. Dick, who had forgotten how to be miserable about

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VICK'S FOR 1905:

FORWARD



THIS has been our motto ever since the present management took hold of *Vick's* in 1901. The thousands of enthusiastic letters which we are continually receiving from our subscribers convince us that we have made progress, but we are not satisfied. We shall do more the coming year than in the past, and are sure that our subscriber friends will assist us by interesting others. We shall still further enlarge and improve the publication in 1905 and hope to make the covers even more attractive than the present series, which have met with an enthusiastic welcome among our subscribers.

Floral Features. The leading feature of *Vick's* has always been its floral articles and illustrations. We are particularly careful to furnish only practical, helpful information on floral subjects. Those who desire to beautify their grounds, or to succeed with their house plants will find just the information desired in the columns of *Vick's*. Our writers are the best and the information given is absolutely trustworthy. No other publication gives such complete and practical information about flowers as *Vick's*.

Stories. In order that we might furnish to our readers the best of short stories, we conducted a contest, offering liberal prizes and thus secured twelve excellent stories, selecting the best from a large number of MSS. without regard to the reputation of the writer. Our readers can depend on finding a good short story in each issue of *Vick's* during the coming year, also an installment of a continued story.

For The Children. It is our aim to publish something of interest to every member of the family in each issue of *Vick's*. The stories and poems which we have in store for the children for the coming year, are excellent and are bound to make *Vick's* a popular magazine among the little people. We believe that good, wholesome stories which teach children to be kind to animals and to each other, have a great influence for good—this is the kind of stories which we publish in *Vick's*.

Nature. We live at such a rapid pace in these days that too few of us stop to drink in the beauties of nature which are all about us. Birds and trees and wild flowers are so plentiful in the country as to be commonplace to many and for this reason they never stop to examine them and take in their beauty and wonderful construction. It is the object of this page to point out some of these beauties and wonders to our readers. Under the pen of N. Hudson Moore, this page in *Vick's* has opened up new worlds to thousands of our readers during the past year and we bespeak even more popularity for it in 1905.

The Household. The majority of *Vick's* readers are homekeepers—those whose chiefest joy is to beautify the home and make it brighter and more cheerful for those they love. The butterflies of fashionable society have little use for *Vick's*, it is too practical and useful. We promise even more helpful and interesting articles on household matters for the coming year.

Mothers. Probably there is no one who feels more completely helpless than the young mother who finds herself alone in the home with her first wee mite of

humanity to care for and no knowledge or experience to guide her. While groping thus in the dark or while anticipating the arrival of a little stranger, the "Mother's Meeting" department of *Vick's* comes as a Godsend to thousands of our readers. Mrs. Victoria Wellman, who conducts the department, is the mother of seven children and speaks from ample experience and a heart full of love and sympathy. Her words of cheerfulness and hope inspire her readers to bear the little trials and crosses patiently, looking for their reward in their happy, healthy children. For those who are specially tried or worried, Mrs. Wellman has kind words of cheer in personal letters, which it is the privilege of every subscriber of *Vick's* to receive.

Home Dressmaking. The large army of mothers who do the sewing for their families, find this department very helpful. The styles illustrated are the latest and the fashion hints, instructions for making, etc., are thoroughly accurate and trustworthy.

In The Garden. This department is conducted by John Elliott Morse, the leading writer of the day on garden topics. He has had a vast experience and is able to guide the amateur with unerring steps through the labyrinth of little difficulties and perplexities which continually come up in garden work. Mr. Morse's enthusiasm knows no bounds, and those who read his department are sure to get the scent of the soil in their nostrils and travel gardenward. When one once realizes the great possibilities for real pleasure and economy there are in a good garden, nothing will keep him from the possession of it.

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Small Fruits. It is all right to go to the grocer and buy wilted, bruised or half decayed fruit if one likes it that way, but it gives one the delightful sensation of living in a land of fatness, to go out and pluck luscious fruit from his own trees. Prof. H. E. Van Deman, who conducts this department for *Vick's* is a noted authority and writer on these topics, and to those who desire success with small fruits, his department alone will be worth more than the price of a year's subscription.

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the affair. It was *funny*—wasn't it?"
"It was characteristically feminine," said Mr. Dick, kissing her, "and of course it was funny."—*The Pacific Monthly*.

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I went down the great green fields,
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My heart was sad, and my spirit had
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But they led me to pray in their own grand way,
And I left my trouble there.

Great and green and calm were they,
And they bade me be at rest;
For God was above, and His wondrous love
In them was manifest;
And to me there came, as a tired child's claim,
A benediction blest.

"Faith," said the grasses soft and low,
"Oh, but the sound was dear!
"Hope," said the light of the sunshine bright,
"How could I choose but hear?"
"Love," said each voice, "and so rejoice,
Child of the earth, nor fear."

I went my way from the great green fields,
And I left my sorrow there;
For they had taught my puzzled thought
The spirit of their prayer,
And I joyed to know that I could not go
Beyond our Father's care.

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Reconciled by Eliza

The local train, which had been speeding out of town, at the rate of twelve miles an hour, came suddenly to a standstill with a violent recall at a level crossing in a country lane, and Reynolds, shaken out of his reverie, opened the window quite prepared for an accident.

But as the view from the window revealed only an impassive stretch of green he settled back to consider a more important question.

She was a friend and neighbor of the Potters. There was a fair chance that she might be seen at their house, since an invitation to see her at her own home had not been forthcoming.

That ten minute's tiff at the seaside at Easter where they met had not in the least detracted from her charm, though it had entirely demolished his welcome, and he would do much to be near her for a week—for that he could endure the Potters.

A moment later the little guard came up to him.

"I beg pardon, mister," he said, lowering his voice to a whisper, "but you have a bag there which looks as if it might have a musical instrument in it."

"Why, yes," the young fellow answered in astonishment. "My banjo."

"A banjo! That's lucky! What tunes can you play? Can you play 'Rule, Britannia!'"

"Great Scott! Why, yes, I think so, But what in the name of patience—"

"Then you are the man we want. This way, sir, please, and as quick as you can, if you don't mind. We can't move the train an inch till she hears 'Rule, Britannia!'"

"But what?"

"It's the only thing that will start her up. We tried every thing else. Pushing, pulling, everything. She sticks on the rails like a limpet on a rock. I wouldn't bother you, but we're five minutes late already. You'll be doing every body a good kindness if you'll come along and grind one a good lively 'Rule, Britannia!'"

Reynolds caught up his banjo case and hurried after the official, wondering, as he went, which of them had gone insane, and whether the attack would prove to be a permanent softening of the brain or merely a temporary aberration.

A number of passengers had left the train. They were gathering en masse around the portion of the level crossing which intersected the lane.

"Now then, here comes Orpheus and his lady!" cried a voice in the crowd.

For a moment the young man stared about him with ever increasing fears for his own mental condition. Little by little a light broke in upon his brain.

A few yards only of line lay between the engine and the level cross track. At the crossing stood the obstruction in full view. It was a small, antiquated pony phaeton, drawn by—or, rather, attached to—a rotund white mare.

The animal was neither standing the usual and approved attitude of her kind, nor prostrate, as will sometimes happen by accident. She was sitting upon her glossy haunches, a calm almost blasé expression in her brown-green eyes.

The carriage was occupied by two women. One of them, a stout, elderly, maiden-aunt-looking person, was engaged in making voluble explanations to a delighted crowd. The other, a girl in white, who leaned back among the cushions and laughed, in evident enjoyment of the situation.

At the sight of the girl Reynolds drew back, with a little cry of astonishment, under his breath. Then he ran forward, lifting his hat.

"Why, Miss Perry! I'm tremendously sorry to find you—ahem—delayed in this way. What is the trouble? Can I be of any assistance?"

The pleasure which exuded from the young man's face was not reflected in that of the girl's.

"How do you do, Mr. Reynolds!" she said. "I'd no idea you were in this part of the country. No, so far as I am concerned you can be of no assistance. I think. If the train people want to try any experiments, of course, they are welcome to do it for the sake of getting the train in motion. Aunt Milly," she added, turning to her companion, "you

have heard me speak of Mr. Reynolds? My aunt, Miss Blithe—Mr. Reynolds."

Miss Milly grasped his hand with a warmth which was in striking contrast to the chilly demeanor of her niece.

"So glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Reynolds, though I must say the circumstances are not those I would generally like to meet people under. Such an embarrassing position! I wouldn't have had it happen for the world. I never thought of Eliza behaving this way on a railway, or I should have been afraid to drive her. You see, Eliza has not sat down for years now, and we thought she'd quite forgotten it. She is an old circus horse as you may imagine, though I'd no idea of that when I bought her. It isn't Eliza's fault, really. She thinks she's doing perfectly right, you know. They taught her to sit down at the circus, and not get up till she heard the 'Rule, Britannia!' and she never will get up until she hears it."

"Lady," cried the guard, elbowing up. "we are ten minutes late now."

"Ten minutes late? How sorry I am. It is most unfortunate in every way that Eliza should relapse just now, when she has not sat down in years. It's just like her, remembering about sitting down this morning, when I am on my way to the station to take the train to London to see my old friend Amelia Lewes, intending to let my niece drive the phaeton home. But now I shall be afraid to let Barbara return alone, and Amelia leaves London for Liverpool at one, and I would give the world to see her, as I may never see her again for years."

"I am only going around the curve to the station," Reynolds suggested. "I am en route for the Potters'. It would give me great pleasure to see your niece safely home."

"There is no need in the world of any one accompanying me!" said the young lady with great decision. "Eliza would not hurt a fly. I really prefer driving alone."

"That is like you, Barbara. You are always so brave," cried Miss Milly. "But remember, love, that I am older and more nervous, and since Mr. Reynolds so kindly offers, I accept for you, Barbara, and I insist on your availing yourself of his kindness."

"You are perfectly right, Miss Blithe. It would not be safe, to say the least, for Miss Perry to attempt to return home alone, and far from inconveniencing me, it would be a great pleasure," urged the young man.

He seated himself on a fallen tree trunk and slipped the cover from his banjo, keeping his eye fixed on a portion of the landscape where it was impossible for them to encounter the eyes of Miss Milly's niece.

A moment later a particularly vivacious "Rule, Britannia," entered the somnolent country atmosphere. Something in the exultant strains of the melody caused Miss Barbara to gather her pretty brows.

Eliza, however, was unfeignedly pleased. At the first notes her ears twitched, assuming an upright attitude, suggestive of earnest attention. At Britons, never, never," she turned her head and regarded the player with what appeared to be unqualified approval. Slowly gathering her forces together, she rose in a dignified manner at the first chorus and drew the phaeton from the line.

The spectators cheered. The guard shouted a warning, a general scramble for seats ensued, and Miss Milly had just time enough to ensconce the new protector in the phaeton, while she took the vacant place in the train.

When the last carriage had rounded the curve and became lost to view with Miss Milly's handkerchief fluttering like a white moth from one of the rear windows, Miss Perry gathered up the reins.

"Do you mean," she said, addressing the empty air directly in front of the phaeton, "that you will continue to force yourself upon me the entire distance home?"

"I promised Miss Blithe to take you home in safety, and, of course, I mean to fulfill my promise."

"But my aunt is gone now with a perfectly easy mind. A child of two could

drive Eliza, and I really prefer going alone."

"I couldn't reconcile it with my conscience. You might meet with some accident, and then how could I face Miss Blithe? One never knows what will happen—especially in driving ex-circus horses."

"If you are determined to be so horrid, the best thing I can do is to get home as soon as possible," remarked the young lady.

For some moments they drove on in silence. When the voice came again from the left-hand of the phaeton it had undergone a change. It was positively humble.

"Please don't be so hard on me," it pleaded. "The temptation was really too much—a whole ride with you when I'd been trying for weeks to see you and couldn't."

As the whip hand side had nothing apparently to add, the left hand resumed.

"You don't know how sorry I was about that affair at the seaside, and how I suffered after I cooled down. I admit it was all my fault, and I wrote to you begging you to forgive me. But you sent the letter back unopened. Isn't there something I can do to win back your good opinion? I'd do anything you say, no matter what."

"You might get out of the carriage and allow me to go on alone. I should really appreciate that," said the whip hand with instant readiness.

Whatever the left hand intended to say in reply was left unsaid, for at this point the phaeton stopped suddenly. Eliza was sitting down again.

Reynolds fell back upon the seat and howled. The situation soon proved too much for his companion also. They laughed together until Eliza cocked her ears in astonishment.

"Good old Eliza!" cried the young man when he had partially recovered. "She knows a thing or two. She won't budge a step until I play 'Rule, Britannia,' and I will never play a note of it until you invite me to accompany you the rest of the way."

"You won't take a mean advantage like that, surely?"

"Won't I though?"

"But this is most unfair."

"All is fair in war and—"

"Please play," she interrupted quickly.

"Not a note. Are you going to invite me?"

"I am not. I shall start Eliza without you."

The attempt to set Eliza in motion by alternate kindness and discipline was a failure.

At the end of fifteen minutes Miss Barbara returned to her seat, exhausted.

"I suppose I must accede to your demands," she said, "or I shall be here permanently."

"Do you invite me of your own free will to accompany you home?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Cordially?"

"You never said it must be cordial."

"It must certainly be cordial."

"Well, cordially, then."

"I am entirely at your service," he answered, opening the banjo case.

Five minutes afterward a rotund white mare jogged easily along a charming country lane drawing a phaeton which contained a man who laughed and a girl who protested, albeit not wrathfully, that something or other was a mean advantage and detestably unfair.—London Answers.

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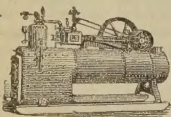
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The Household.

(Continued from page twelve.)

sprinkle several times with cold water while the sun is hot. Much labor can be saved in taking down the clothes from the line. The table linen and handkerchiefs can be folded and brought in while still damp or left out till the dew has fallen to avoid sprinkling. Sheets and towels in daily use when perfectly dry can be folded and laid smoothly in the bottom of the basket. Over night leave them spread out on the kitchen table; lay the ironing board on top weighted by the flat irons. The underwear if shaken out and folded neatly may escape ironing. Gather the starched clothes by themselves—there is no escape from that conundrum, except to petition the dressmaker for greater simplicity. The stockings can be gathered by one of the children and put directly in the mending basket. It is the work of a few minutes to make a clothes pin bag with a strap to slip over the head and it will save many steps.

Laundering Delicate Colors.

BY MAUDE E. SMITH HYMERS.

With the recurrence of the wash goods season comes again the old question of how to wash the pretty percales and muslins without injury to their delicate coloring. The old rule is to soak them for a few moments in a salt water bath, but experience has proven that while this is effective in some cases, it has no saving power in many others.

The deduction is simple enough; for different colors use a different preliminary bath, being guided in the selection by the chemical construction of the dye stuffs.

For all shades of green, blue, pinkish purple and mauve an alum bath is excellent, the goods retaining the delicate tones of their coloring so long as the treatment is persisted in. Use four ounces of alum to a tub of water, let dissolve and soak the goods ten minutes before washing. For the madder tints soak in sugar of lead solution, an ounce to a gallon of water. For grays and deep purples the familiar salt bath, a handful of salt to a small tub of water, and soak the goods seven minutes. The blacks and mixed black and white goods are made fresher and more permanent by an addition of strong black pepper tea to the first suds they are washed in.

A general warning is, don't use too hot an iron for smoothing.

Tomatoes in Twelve Ways.

BY JESSIE LYNCH.

Tomato Omelette—Slice stale light bread, and after wetting it in the following tomato sauce, fry light brown in sweet drippings or butter. Sauce: after stewing one quart of ripe tomatoes, season with butter, salt, pepper and sugar if liked. Rub through a colander.

Tomato Omelette No. 2—Scald, peel and remove the cores from six large tomatoes. Stew till soft, then pass through a sieve.

Add three tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, four eggs well beaten and mixed with four tablespoonfuls of sweet milk. Salt and pepper to taste.

Mix well and bake in a moderate oven. Serve with butter.

Fried Green Tomatoes—Green tomatoes and those just beginning to turn may be cut into rather thin slices, rolled in flour, and fried in butter. When done make a gravy by adding some milk or water and more flour if needed. Pour over and serve.

Tomato Fritters—To one quart of stewed tomatoes, add milk to make them a little thin, about one-half cup of flour, or enough to make them of the consistency of waffles, fry in boiling fat and serve hot.

Tomato Hash—Take bits of any cold boiled meat, chop fine, season with salt, pepper and butter and place in a baking pan: cover with cooked tomatoes that have been seasoned with salt, pepper and butter and place in the oven to

brown. Serve hot. A little sugar may be added if liked.

Tomato Toast—Cook and season to taste nice ripe tomatoes and pour over slices of nicely toasted bread, serve hot. Nice for breakfast or supper.

Tomatoes and Macaroni—Boil one pound of macaroni in three pints of salted water for fifteen minutes. Take up in a deep platter, sprinkle thickly with grated cheese and pour over this a sauce made of well cooked and strained tomatoes. Season with salt and pepper.

Green Tomato Pickles—Over a half bushel of sliced green tomatoes, sprinkle one and a half cupsful of salt and stand over night. In the morning drain off all the water and place in a jar with layers of grated horseradish and whole mustard seed. Cover with good cider vinegar either hot or cold. Place a weight on to keep all under the vinegar and in a few days they are ready for use.

Tomato Salad No. 1—Scald and peel ripe tomatoes. Chop with celery and pour off the juice. Add any good salad dressing.

Tomato Salad No. 2—Arrange in layers, slices of ripe tomatoes and green cucumbers. Dress with cream mayonnaise.

Tomato and Salmon Salad.—Place a layer of crisp lettuce leaves in salad bowl then a layer of peeled and sliced tomatoes, next a layer of salmon, then tomatoes, heaping some salmon in the center to finish. Moisten each layer with mayonnaise dressing.

Stuffed Tomatoes—Get them as large and firm as possible; cut a round place in the top of each, scrape out all the soft parts; mix with stale bread crumbs, cooked green corn, onions, parsley, butter, pepper and salt. Chop very fine and fill the tomatoes. Carefully bake in a buttered pan. Have the oven moderately hot, they burn easily.

Mother's Meeting.

(Continued from page eight.)

really chains which inspire earnest souls to desire the ability to present a volume to every newly wedded couple. The good such a book can do is only limited by individual perversity.

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Grandma's Sunday Shoes.

(Continued from page twelve.)

intrepid Jack, Paul became so excited that he sprang to his feet, then—bump! went his curly pate against Olive's knee, and away went her ball of silk.

Immediately there ensued a regular skirmish between the twins as to who should restore the truant ball. Paul reached it first, but Polly being nimble as a squirrel was quicker to pick it up. Then it slipped from her grasp and bounded under the bed followed by both children in swift pursuit. Paul grabbed, Polly ditto—and every time the ball of contention passed from one pair of pie-meared hands to others in like condition, the original cream tinted floss (of which yards and yards were criss-crossed from Paul's chubby legs to Polly's apron buttons) assumed various and inartistic shades. Finally, after a desperate struggle Polly emerged from the scene of conflict, tearful but triumphant; holding the badly demoralized ball between her teeth, while Paul howled and beat his heels in impotent rage against the puncheon floor.

Poor Olive was on the verge of prostration over the loss of her precious silk floss, but when two little hands, unconscious of the mischief they had wrought, laid the ball and its soiled remnants of tangled skeins in her lap, and a hisping voice piped: "Now den pity Auntie'll div de pity paper to Polly, toz dey ain't but a little bit fred lef", an' toz Polly is a dood dirl an' binged it twicker 'an Paul." Willy Polly! I laughed at her wheedling tones and self eulogy, while poor meek Olive proceeded to unwrap the few remaining strands of silk in order to reward Polly with the "pitty paper" on which they were wrapped. The unwinding was quickly accomplished, then:—"Oh Leah! Leah! Leah!" When Sister Olive's distressed tones echoed through the house I sprang to my feet in alarm, but before I advanced a step the excited woman rushed towards me (without the aid of her crutch) gesticulating like a maniac, and frantically waving a partially closed yellow paper addressed to "Olive Odell Thorn, from Gideon Thorn." That much I discerned while the yellow paper was beating a tattoo in empty space, but the real cause of Olive's unusual excitement remained a mystery until quiet was restored, then I saw protruding from one end of the "pitty paper," which Polly's moist lips had forced apart—a—Oh, you'd never guess it—a roll of bank notes and deeds representing the value of ten thousand dollars!

Dear heart! but it was ludicrous the way we gave vent to our over-joyed feelings. Sister Olive wept, prayed, shouted, and searched diligently for a safe hiding place for her treasure, and finally tucked it away among the chips in the wood box! I laughed and pirouetted like a ballet girl, and my actions were so suggestive of "Crazy Mat," a poor half-witted creature, the special bugbear of the twins—that they (Paul and Polly) lifted up their voices and screeched like a banshee.

The pandemonium chorus aroused Becky from a doze by the kitchen hearth, and that worthy person, while laboring under a half asleep impression that "one ob dem owdashus twines had cotch on fiah"—came hurriedly to the rescue with a pail of ice water which she promptly dashed upon the wailing innocents. Tableau!

When the dripping and thoroughly indignant twins has been arrayed in dry garments of mature size, and their lacerated feelings soothed by a bountiful supply of plum jam, supplemented with promises of numberless rides on "Thir-

teen," my prize pony—I sat down to rest, and ponder over the strange whim that prompted Uncle Gideon to leave such a large sum in the custody of a ball of silk. While puzzling over the knotty problem a wild thought suddenly flashed through my mind. Suppose my eccentric uncle had also remembered me in like manner!

In less time than it takes me to pen the words I ran to my bureau, jerked open its glass-knobbed drawers, snatched up and quickly unlaced and examined inside of one Sunday shoe. Result: nothing! I then tried its mate, Eureka! I drew forth a bit of paper addressed to myself, worth ten thousand dollars! Yes, ten thousand dollars for me who had never owned so much as ten dollars.

My "sketch" is almost finished, but before bringing it to a close I must tell you that Uncle Gideon did not forget

Sister Virginia when he was thrusting fortunes right and left in absurd hiding places. Immediately after recovering from the stupefying effects of finding a fortune in my shoe I bolted from the house, breathless and bare-headed, (the jam-stained twins in pursuit, lustily yelling: "Thaddle Thirteen wight now!") and ran across the snowy fields to impart the wonderful news to Virginia.

I pictured to myself how she, "the woman without nerves," would raise her eyes in mild surprise, and blandly exclaim: "I am so glad!" I was never worse mistaken. For a moment she glared in speechless astonishment, then seizing a hatchet, she rained blow after blow upon the baby's crib before I had time to rescue the little creature from its perilous bed. Five minutes after the pretty crib, Uncle Gideon's gift; was a mass of splinters and Virginia was

running up and down the road waving a bundle of papers which had been secreted between the cradle rockers—screaming: "Ten thousand dollars for me!" Indeed her fortune came near proving a misfortune since the sudden shock of finding herself a rich woman so affected her mind that her life was despaired of. However she finally regained her mental balance and immediately thereafter invested ten dollars in a baby's crib, duplicate of the splintered one—and when its first new occupant, a girl baby was christened

(Continued on next page.)

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THE reduction in price of THE WORLD TO-DAY from Three Dollars to One Dollar per year has attracted wide attention. The announcement of the new price has brought a flood of subscriptions from all parts of the country and orders from newsdealers for more than double the number ever distributed through this channel before. All signs indicate that the immense sales of the fiction magazines after their reduction in price to Ten Cents will be duplicated by THE WORLD TO-DAY.

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"Gideon Fortuna," the neighbors declared that its mother ought to be sent to a mad house.

O yes "the baby lived," but when she grew up and envious girls spoke of her as "red headed Giddy," the poor thing devoutly wished she had been one "whom the gods love."

"Affectionately,
Grandma.

P. S. Allow me to suggest that a pair of dainty shoes, a miner's pick, and a cornucopia of dollar marks encircled by a scroll bearing the motto "Ohe! Jam Satis," would be very appropriate for your coat of arms.

Grandma.

Winter Is Coming.

Already the nestling sparrows
Are clothed in a mist of gray,
And under the breast of the swallow
The warm eggs stir today.

Already the cricket is busy
With hints of soberer days,
And the goldenrod lights slowly
Its torch for the autumn blaze.

O brief, bright smile of summer!
O days divine and dear!
The voices of winter's sorrow
Already we can hear.

—Celia Thaxter.

Items of Interest.

After a series of experiments with carrier-pigeons for conveying intelligence, the German naval authorities have decided to erect permanent pigeon stations on the coast of the North and Baltic seas. Every warship, except torpedo boats, leaving Kiel or Wilhelmshaven will hereafter carry a consignment of pigeons, to be released at varying distances from the land stations.

One of the most curious plants in the world is what is called the toothbrush plant of Jamaica. It is a species of creeper and has nothing particularly striking about its appearance. By cutting pieces of it to a suitable length and fraying the ends, the natives convert it into a toothbrush; and a tooth powder to accompany the use of the brush is also prepared by pulverizing the dead stems.

The largest plow in the world is owned by Richard Gird of San Bernardino County, Cal. This immense agricultural machine stands eighteen feet high and weighs thirty-six thousand pounds. It runs by steam, is provided with twelve twelve-inch plowshares, and is capable of plowing fifty acres of land per day. It consumes from one to one and a half tons of coal per day, and usually travels at the rate of four miles an hour.

A pair of women's shoes made in Lynn, Mass., to establish a record for rapid shoemaking, required fifty-seven different operations and the use of forty-two machines and one hundred pieces. All these parts were assembled and made into a pair of shoes ready to wear in thirteen minutes.

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